

# *The* American Girl

20c a copy

JULY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1945



WINNER OF SIX ACADEMY AWARDS...  
WINNER OF A NATION'S PRAISE...  
WINNER OF A WORLD'S HEART...

For The  
First Time  
at  
POPULAR  
PRICES!

Inquire  
at your  
Local Theatre

*Darryl F.  
Zanuck's*

# ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ WILSON

Winner of Academy  
Awards for Best  
Screenplay, Color,  
Sound, Settings and  
Editing for 1944!

*in* **TECHNICOLOR!**

with  
ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN  
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL  
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE  
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON  
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

Directed by

HENRY KING  
LAMAR TROTTI

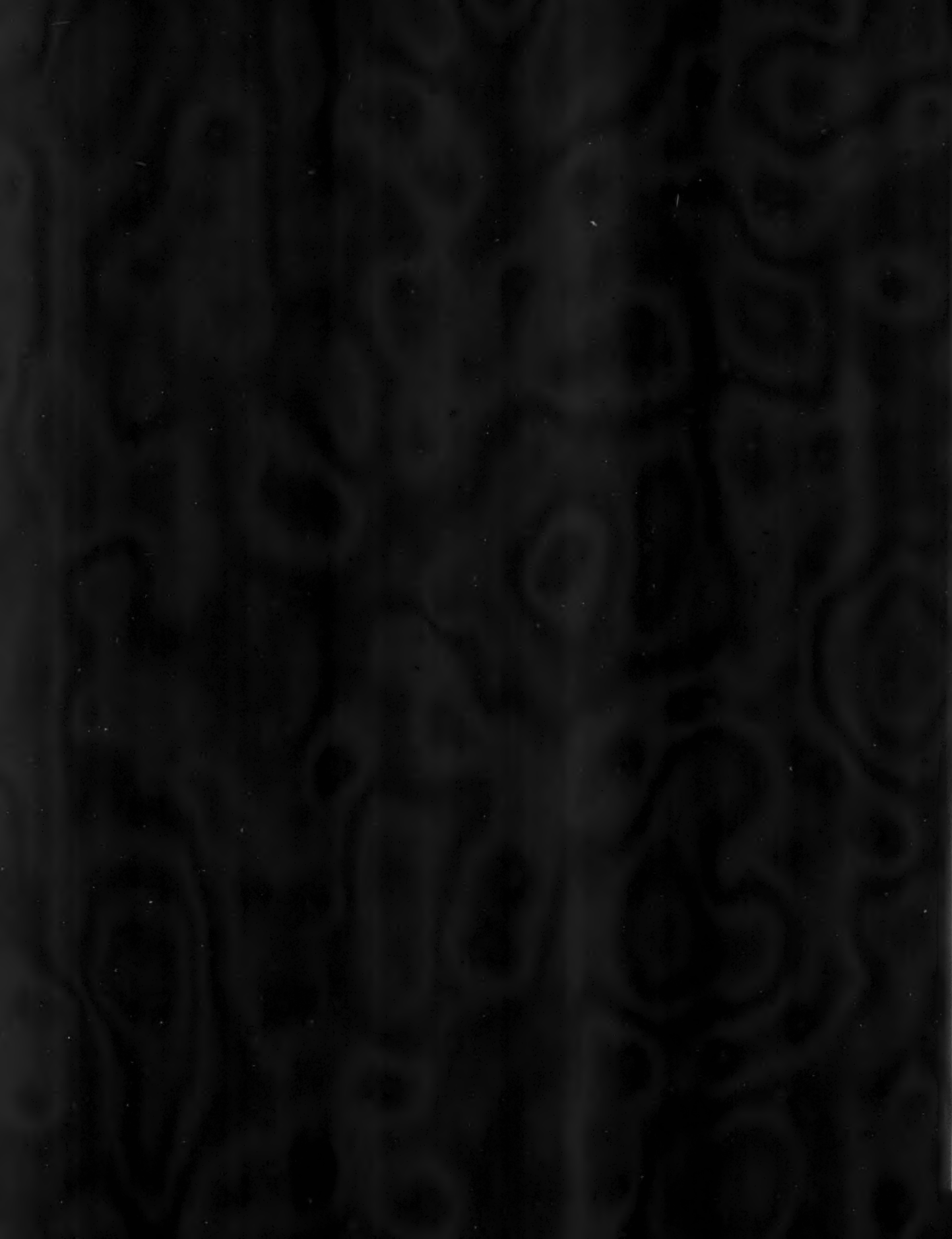
Written for the Screen by

200 SPECTACULAR SCENES!

A SCORE OF 87 HEART-STIRRING SONGS!

20<sup>th</sup>  
CENTURY-FOX  
PICTURE







# THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

## CONTENTS for JULY, 1945

Cover Design . . . . . Gertrude Howe

### STORIES

- Strange House—*Flo Penglase*. Illustrated by Harvé Stein . . . . . 8  
 For the Land's Sake, Conclusion—*Frances Fitzpatrick Wright*. Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg . . . . . 15

### ARTICLES

- Dorothy Lathrop—*Sophie Goldsmith*. Illustrated with reproductions of Dorothy Lathrop illustrations . . . . . 5  
 Fledgling Adventures—*Edwin Way Teale*. Illustrated with photographs by the author . . . . . 11  
 How's Your Conversation?—*Germaine Haney*. Illustrated by Ruth King . . . . . 14

### GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

- Girl Scouts on the Air . . . . . 18  
 Get in the Swim, the Safe Way—*Margaret C. Lewis M.D.* . . . . 20

### DEPARTMENTS

- In Step With the Times—*Latrobe Carroll* . . . . . 24  
 A Penny for Your Thoughts . . . . . 26  
 Laugh and Grow Scout . . . . . 33

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

ANNE STODDARD, *Editor*  
 PRISCILLA A. SLADE, *Managing Editor*  
 ERIC SHUMWAY, *Business Manager*

MARJORIE CINTA, *Editorial Assistant*  
 MARY REARDON, *Editorial Assistant*  
 MARGARET MORAN, *Advertising Representative*

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for two years. Foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

Copyright, 1945, Girl Scouts, in the United States and Canada. Reprinting or adaptation for radio or other use, not permitted except by special authorization. Re-entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1944, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.; Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; J. W. Conrow, 1672 Walworth Avenue, Pasadena 6, California

VOLUME XXVIII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER VII

MRS. JULIETTE LOW . . . . . Founder  
 MRS. HARRY S. TRUMAN . . . . . Honorary President

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT  
 MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON  
 MRS. T. J. PRESTON, JR.  
 MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
 MRS. WOODROW WILSON  
 MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE  
 MRS. ARTHUR O. CHOATE  
 MRS. FREDERICK H. BROOKE  
 MRS. VANCE C. MCCORMICK  
 MRS. HARVEY S. MUDD

Honorary  
 Vice  
 Presidents

MRS. ALAN H. MEANS . . . . . President  
 MRS. C. VAUGHAN FERGUSON . . . . . First Vice-President  
 MRS. H. PLANT OSBORNE . . . . . Second Vice-President  
 MRS. JAMES V. DUNBAR . . . . . Third Vice-President  
 MRS. RALPH G. WRIGHT . . . . . Chairman,  
 Executive Committee of Board of Directors  
 MRS. PAUL T. KAMMERER, JR. . . . . Vice-Chairman,  
 Executive Committee of Board of Directors  
 MRS. ROBERT T. SWAIN . . . . . Treasurer  
 MRS. LEO ARNSTEIN . . . . . Assistant Treasurer  
 MRS. DUDLEY H. MILLS . . . . . Secretary  
 MRS. JOHN CAVANAGH . . . . . Assistant Secretary  
 MRS. PAUL RITTENHOUSE . . . . . National Director  
 MR. E. F. ELWOOD . . . . . Controller

MRS. THOMAS H. BECK . . . . . Chairman, American Girl Committee



it's as  
 simple  
 as that...



*When you know how!*

Long before 1860 some use was made of two- and three-wheeled cycles that were pushed along by the feet. When Ernest Michau added pedals to the front wheel, the real development began... a development that was to contribute much toward a coming industrial era—the automobile age.

The new TRIUMPH Flashlight Battery is an equally outstanding development in the dry cell.

Constructed on a new principle, the TRIUMPH Battery has **NO SHELF DETERIORATION**, even at high temperatures!

Regardless of when it was made or how long you keep it, your new TRIUMPH Flashlight Battery will be 100% efficient when you are ready to put it into use.



© 1945 T.I.L.

★ TRIUMPH WILL

FOLLOW VICTORY ★

For duration, TRIUMPH INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED of Elton, Md., will continue to produce 100% for Victory



**"THE COLT FROM MOON MOUNTAIN"**

*One of Dorothy Lathrop's illustrations for her book of the same name*

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JULY • 1945


## DOROTHY LATHROP

By SOPHIE GOLDSMITH

*Dogs, rabbits, squirrels, and monkeys, this artist draws them all in a way that makes them living animals on the pages of the books she illustrates*



DOROTHY LATHROP WITH TWO OF HER PUPPY MODELS, ONE OF THEM A CHAMPION, AND THEIR MOTHER, CHEETAH. AT LEFT IS ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HER BOOK, "PUPPIES FOR KEEPS"

 COME and play with me," begs a Pekingese puppy, looking up teasingly through the silky tangle of his long hair. "Watch me fly!" boasts a baby flying squirrel, as he swings head downward from a pine tree. "Did you ever see a snail run as I do?" demands a soft little wriggly body. It rears up from its shell and looks at you in placid self-satisfaction.

Maybe you think all this is happening in a menagerie, but look closer. Come with me to one of my favorite bookshelves, on which about thirty books are ranged, and you'll see and hear these animals and many others. They live and play in Dorothy Lathrop's illustrations for books which are sometimes written by herself and sometimes by other authors.

Each year, when a new Dorothy Lathrop book comes out, another little furry or feathered creature peeps from its pages, so beautifully drawn that he reminds one of the old photographers who used to lure people to their studios by calling out, "Come on, folks, have your pictures taken! They'll look more like you than you do yourselves!"

Certainly these paintings and drawings made me eager to know more about the gifted artist; so, taking my courage in both hands, I wrote her, asking if I might come to see her. I was sure that readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, especially those who want some day to draw and paint, would like to know a great



deal more about Dorothy Lathrop, too.

When I wrote Miss Lathrop that, however, she replied, "Something about me? Why, there's nothing to tell!"

Nothing to tell! *H'mm.* I thought of that remark as the train sped up toward Albany, where the Lathrops live, one cold, snowy day last February. Nothing to tell about an artist who has pictured

the characters of writers such as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Walter de la Mare, Rachel Field, and George MacDonald? Nothing to tell about an artist who writes the kind of stories which dovetail so well with the illustrations that it's a puzzle whether the pictures were drawn first and the stories written around them, or whether the stories were thought out first and then the pictures drawn. Nothing to tell? Well, maybe, but I found it hard to believe.

As the train whizzed along, I thought of one of my favorite Dorothy Lathrop books. It is *Who Goes There?*, and as the glittering landscape flew by, it turned for me into the winter picnic grounds where the animals had their memorable outing. Instead of snow-covered roofs, I seemed to see and smell pine trees, heavily weighted with their winter garlands plus all the picnic delicacies the children left for the animals in the story.



FROM "WHO GOES THERE?", A BOOK ENCHANTINGLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY LATHROP

Through the grimy windowpanes it was easy to imagine a chipmunk hopping to the picnic, "the wind blowing its stripes crooked," and a squirrel, a rabbit, and a mouse—whose tiny footprints, in the illustrations, have a feathery beauty which takes your breath away.

The mood persisted as the bus took me from the depot to Miss Lathrop's home. The frosty sunshine had the golden quiet of early afternoon. It shone serenely over Albany's public buildings, one of the most beautiful of which is the Institute of History and Art. It was in that very building, in October, 1937, that Dorothy Lathrop's paintings and drawings were exhibited, with those of her mother and with the sculptures of her sister Gertrude. I had heard of that exhibition and, as the bus chugged through the streets of Albany, I thought how exceptionally talented the Lathrops are. The mother (who died some years ago) a painter, one daughter an illustrator-author, and the other a sculptor—it doesn't often happen in one family!

"Real" is the word that best describes Dorothy Lathrop. There is nothing phony or artificial about this tall, serene woman, with the steady brown eyes and the friendly mouth with humor quirking its corners. There is nothing unreal or "arty" about this artist, who is so intent on making her beloved animals live for you in the pages of her books that she has many of them living with her. In the big, old-fashioned house where she and her sister Gertrude live, nine Pekingese pups, a French poodle, and a monkey welcomed me that February day. Four of the Pekes were the models for Dorothy Lathrop's picture book, *Puppies for Keeps*. Here were the originals of the puppies in the story—older than they are in the book, it is true, because Miss Lathrop made the first drawing of them before their eyes were open. Perhaps we're apt to dismiss Pekes as little dogs with protruding eyes, constantly snuffling. But wait till you meet Lucky, Star, Sugarplum, and Mouse as they romp and yawn and stretch through the pages of *Puppies for Keeps*. Sugarplum, in real life, is named Beh Tang, her ancestors, as well as those of

the others, having been born in the Imperial Palace of China.

In 1943, Beh Tang, now a champion, appeared not only as Sugarplum in the story, but as winner of the Toy Group at the Westminster Kennel Club, the largest show in the country. I asked Miss Lathrop whether her great love for dogs had turned her into a professional breeder, as well as artist and author, and she seemed surprised that a little matter of nine Pekes under one roof should give me such a notion. She is not a professional breeder, although some of her dogs have done surprisingly well in the ring. One big sunny room in Dorothy Lathrop's home has been set aside for them, and here, at the time of my visit, two litters of puppies were receiving constant and loving care from the two sisters.

That this love is contagious is proved by an amusing story about one of the maids who worked in the Lathrop home in the good old days when domestic service, even with a household of animals, was still possible. One summer Pippin, a young robin Dorothy had rescued from a cat, was convalescing at her hospitable home. For weeks Pippin had hopped around the studio with his broken wing bound with adhesive tape, but there was nothing wrong with his appetite. Though only a baby, he could down eighteen angleworms a day, and the Lathrop maid had volunteered to dig them for him! One hot day she came in with her face scarlet.

"Oh," reproached Miss Lathrop, "you shouldn't get so hot!"



ABOVE: MISS LATHROP'S BABY TIGER, FRONTISPIECE FOR DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI'S BOOK, "FIERCE FACE." ABOVE RIGHT: A TYPICAL LATHROP ILLUSTRATION FROM HER BOOK, "THE SNAIL WHO RAN"

RIGHT: HITTY, THE FAMOUS DOLL, INSPIRATION FOR "HITTY, HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS," THE BOOK WRITTEN BY RACHEL FIELD AND ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY LATHROP WHICH WON THE 1929 NEWBERRY MEDAL.

Illustrations through the courtesy of Miss Lathrop, The Macmillan Co., and E. P. Dutton Co., Inc.





"I know," answered the maid, "but I was getting such beautiful worms, I couldn't bear to leave them!"

The father of the two gifted sisters, Cyrus Clark Lathrop, was a businessman during many years of his life, but his chief interest was in work with young people. He founded the Boys' Club in Albany, and was instrumental in establishing the Juvenile Court and various social projects for young people in that city—which leads one to suspect that boys and girls probably regarded the Lathrop home with as much proprietary interest as the stray robin.

Mrs. Lathrop, absorbed in her painting, nevertheless made her daughters welcome in the studio, and the sight of their mother's tireless industry plus the encouragement she always extended to them to try out her fascinating paints and brushes, no doubt helped to develop in both the impetus toward art which was to pervade their lives.

Books, however, played as big a part in Dorothy's early life as animal pets and painting. Her paternal grandfather had a bookstore in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and perhaps it is from him she inherited some of her deep interest in writing. She turned to writing during her early years even more than to draw-

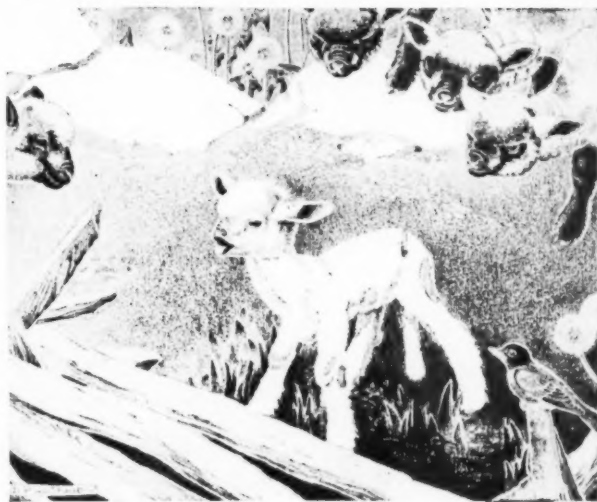


MISS LATHROP'S DEEP FEELING FOR HER MODELS IS APPARENT IN THIS ILLUSTRATION FOR HER BOOK, "THE LITTLE WHITE GOAT"

Right: A DRAWING OF ISAAC'S CAMELS BY MISS LATHROP FROM "ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE," HELEN FISH'S BOOK WHICH WAS AWARDED THE CALDECOTT MEDAL IN 1937. THIS WAS THE FIRST PICTURE BOOK FOR CHILDREN TO BE HONORED BY THIS AWARD

ing and painting; and after awhile she came to the conclusion that she wanted not only to write but to illustrate her own books.

Urged on by the desire to write and to illustrate, she attended Teachers College at Columbia University in New York City. Here she studied both writing and art, and also worked for her diploma as a teacher. She taught for two years, and then studied illustration for a year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts under Henry McCarter. For a short time she also studied painting at the Art Students' League with the noted painter, F. Luis



AN IRRESISTIBLE BABY LAMB DRAWN FOR ONE OF MISS LATHROP'S OWN BOOKS, "BOUNCING BETSY"

Mora, whose canvases are familiar to Americans. A number of his striking illustrations have appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

During the time Miss Lathrop was teaching, she started illustrating other people's books, doing little in the way of original writing except an occasional article and a few book reviews. All the books she illustrated between these years, 1918 to 1931, were stories in which animals figured in fairy tales or fantasies. The first was *The Three Mulla Mulgars*, by Walter de la Mare, a story of three royal monkeys whose father had wandered far from his domains and whose sons made it their great adventure to return. In such books as *The Light Princess* by George MacDonald and the beloved *Little Mermaid* of Hans Christian Andersen, she gives to the little princess and the mermaid an ethereal quality which sets them completely apart from any other artist's pictures of similar subjects. My own favorite is *The Happy Flute*, a lovely Hindu legend something like that of St. Francis of Assisi. Both text and illustrations personify ideals of

peace and beauty with a solution for their attainment just out of our reach—and yet within it.

It is, perhaps, in the illustrations for Rachel Field's doll story, *Hitty, Her First Hundred Years*, that this enchanting touch of mystery and aloofness, combined with a very concrete subject, is most noticeable. *Hitty* had more than a touch of mystery in her wooden face, as all of us know who saw the famous doll seated in state in the children's room of the New York Public Library, the year she won for her author the Newbery Medal. This award is given annually for the most distinguished book of the year for children. It was one of the reasons the doll had attracted Rachel Field and Dorothy Lathrop in the first place—that faint mysterious smile which lured them to the shop window from which they rescued her. Look at the picture of *Hitty* when the savages chose her to be their god and established her reverently on an altar set in a (Continued on page 22)





# STRANGE HOUSE

*An old, gaslit house in New York isn't exactly the sort of place a girl would choose to spend the night alone—but one girl had to*

By FLO PENGLASE

THE first night I slept in the brownstone house, I was rather amused by the starkness of the furniture swathed all in white, by the staring, curtainless windows, and the bare, resounding floors. I was not used to the old New York custom of stripping the house for summer. But it was a grand and glorious feeling to be in New York at any time, and especially to be allowed to stay anywhere without paying room rent while taking a summer course at college. My aunts seemed overjoyed at the fact that three of us would be sleeping in their house as sort of watchdogs while they were away in the Maine woods—but right after I unlocked that huge front door, a telegram came.

*Sorry. Must wait few days, we have summer gripe. Cheerio. Bab and Barb*

It was from my twin friends in Vermont. They would both have exactly the same ailment. I was sure my mother would worry if she knew I was alone in a strange city, and in a strange house, but that Dad would say, "Stand on your own two feet, Minx. A certain amount of independence is good for you."

My first evening started auspiciously at Radio City with the Powells, bride and groom from my home upstate. When at last I alighted from the taxi at the steps of my abode, in that long row of brownstone houses of identical appearance, it was nearly midnight. The Powells had to dash back to pack to go to Camp Lee the next day. They were my only friends in New York.

I was hanging my slacks and slicks in the closet of my room on the second floor, when I heard footsteps in the lower hall. I thought that perhaps one of my aunts might have returned to the city on an errand of some sort, so I hastened out into the hall and peered down the dusky well of the stairs in the greenish, flickering gaslight. My aunts, like many other New Yorkers with that will-o'-the-wisp of an offer for their valuable property ever before them, had neglected to modernize their house, and New York gas, in the few places where it is still used for illuminating purposes, is only a sickly, feeble apparition.

The footsteps continued and I heard the stairs creak under their weight. It was as though someone were coming up the stairway toward me, but though I had an unobstructed view from the railing I could see no one at all. The steps did not falter, though they were not hurried, but rested heavily on each step, causing it to creak; and once, when they seemed nearly to the top, the bannister snapped as though a hand had been laid upon it. I stood perfectly still, amazed and mystified, while the footsteps continued to the top of the stairs and passed me, it seemed, within a few feet. I felt as if I could put my hand out and touch the person—yet no one was there. I listened as the steps died down the corridor, but I could not tell whether they entered one of the rooms or not.

I was rather weak in the knees when I returned to my room and sat shakily down upon the edge of the bed to think. The



more I thought, the more real those footsteps seemed. But since there was no explanation, I decided I had better go to bed and try to sleep.

The next thing I knew, it was the beginning of a gray dawn, and I was lying awake listening to a low, weird moaning and trying to account for those ceaseless monotones as I stared at the dim ceiling and the gray, silhouetted windows. At last I rose, opened the door into the hallway, and stood listening while the shadows seemed to crowd around me as though daring me to move. The sound seemed to come from above, so I went on up the stairs.

The third floor looked very austere, all the doors into the rooms having been left carefully closed. I went into the front bedroom. The old walnut furniture and misted mirror appeared depressing in the half-light of early day, and in that room, the brooding sounds seemed to be somehow nearer. Standing there with my head cocked to one side, like a robin listening for a worm, I tried to associate those sounds with something in the dim past. Memory came flooding back, and I saw myself, a little



Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN

"I DISTINCTLY HEARD FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE STAIRS"

girl visiting my aunt in Maine, and hearing the pigeons in the belfry of the church opposite her home. If you have never heard them, don't let anyone tell you that they merely "coo," for it is no such placid, contented cry they utter. It is something infinitely sadder and more unearthly. I went over and opened the unused front window, and, quick as thought, two startled white-and-gray pigeons came flapping down from their vantage place in the coping above, to alight in the street, where they strutted about and eyed the world with suspicion. I laughed at my own stupidity, for the idea of pigeons, or any sort of birds in New York, had not occurred to me.

The following night I came in early to study. I had had so much to think about all day up at college that the experiences of the night before had entirely gone from my mind. I thought, however, that the red beret which I had left on the bench in the hall had been removed to the hatrack, but I ascribed it to the absent-mindedness to which I am sometimes prone. I wandered into the parlor with my book of English history.

I read for a while, but was conscious of sounds now and then

—sometimes in the hallways, at other times seeming to come from rooms toward the back of the house—but as they were nothing definite and my book was profoundly interesting, I decided to believe they were just ordinary house noises, such as plaster trickling in the walls, old boards expanding and snapping, the rustling of a window shade.

I went to bed about eleven, for I was dog-tired after a hard day of study and much tramping over the hot city pavements. A cool breeze had sprung up during the evening, and I must have slept like a baby. I was awakened by a terrific crash and the splintering of glass somewhere at the top of the house. I rolled out of bed, pulled on my dressing gown, and fumbled my way to the door in the pitch blackness. And how I longed for the instant brilliance of electric lights! My sleepy daze was beginning to wear off and I was conscious of the fact that outside a great wind had sprung up and was banging the heavy shutters at the back of the house.

Crouching down in the hall and feeling for the steps in the dark, I began working my way up, keeping as low as possible



"THESE OLD HOUSES ARE ALL ALIKE,"  
THE OLD MAN TOLD ME THE NEXT EVE-  
NING, "EXCEPT FOR ONE STRANGE THING"

in case of a sudden attack from above, for I knew not what sort of burglar or maniac awaited me on the third floor. As I neared the top, I shivered—partly from fear I will admit, but mostly because of a great draught of cold air which seemed to come from right above me.

I knew the phone had been disconnected for the summer, yet instead of walking into danger, I might have turned and dashed out of the front door and called for help. But there I was, alone, clinging with icy fingers to the banister in the threatening darkness. My foot struck something cold and I drew it quickly away, stepping up, just as a sudden gust caused my hair to rise and my pajamas to flop grotesquely about me.

Then I was at the top floor, groping for a little stand in the hallway where I had seen a jar of matches. At last I found the jar, and struck a match, but it was instantly blown out. That was a silly thing to do, if someone were watching me, I thought. I paused and waited tensely for anything that might come. Then I heard it. It was a sound which came from way below, somewhere in the house.

I crept over to the stair railing and strained my ears to catch that strange, creaking sound above the wind that was switching all around me. Yes, there were footsteps on the lower flight of stairs, the ones leading down to the first floor! Then whoever had caused the crash there at the top of the house had made quick work of getting downstairs while I was still groping my way around the bedroom! Well, in that case I figured I could afford to have a bit of light up there. I scratched a few matches, and at last one held its flame long enough for me to light the gas jet.

By that time the footsteps had gone down the full flight of stairs and I could hear them receding far below. All over the floor were gleaming fragments of glass, while up in the ceiling was a huge, gaping hole in the skylight. It was through that aperture that the chilly wind was blowing.

I opened the door into the storeroom and rummaged until I

found the end of an old candle, which I lit from the gas jet in the hall, and then proceeded stealthily down the stairs to the second floor. It was so still that I had the feeling someone was waiting. I almost expected to hear a shot. Instead I heard those footsteps again, this time coming back upstairs. I shrank against the wall and shielded my candle. They continued deliberately, halting now and then but coming steadily upward. I could bear it no longer.

"Who is there?" I demanded hoarsely.

Again the steps halted, but after a few seconds resumed their way upward. Suddenly I took a chance and, leaning downward, stretched out my arm, holding the candle above the lower flight of stairs. I peered intently down, but I saw no one at all. The footsteps continued up the last few steps and went slowly down the hall and ceased, just as they had the night before. There was no other sound except a fitful, sibilant whispering throughout the whole house, caused by the wind there at the skylight.

How I got back to my room, I do not remember. I went over to the window and looked out into the side street. A taxi stopped at the apartment hotel opposite. A girl and a Navy officer dashed inside amidst a gale of wind. I could hear the scrape of streetcars out on Broadway, and the whishing of automobiles lunging past. I reminded myself that I was in New York where all was life and energy, yet I seemed to be in some cove of antiquity, shut away in an old house that was, apparently, haunted.

I did not have much time to speculate, however, for that wild night sky with its scurrying clouds grew blacker as I watched, and a downpour of rain suddenly drenched the streets. In the quiet of the house, I could hear it come pattering heavily down through the broken skylight. There was nothing for me to do but resort to the basement, candle in hand, in search of a tub to put under that opening. I went down, trying to whistle. I haven't any more imagination than the average (Continued on page 27)



THIS BABY ROBIN, LOOKING SLIGHTLY RUFFLED BY A NEW WORLD, HAS JUST HOPPED OUT OF ITS NEST



FOR HOURS, that July afternoon, we had been driving northward along New England roads. Half a dozen miles south of Portland, Maine, we caught sight of two dark specks, far ahead of us, diving downward and zooming upward above the shimmering concrete of a four-lane highway. The specks grew larger. They expanded into two robins, almost beside themselves in a frenzy of alarm, swooping recklessly in front of the onrushing cars. In the very center of one of the "fast" lanes there huddled the dark form of a fledgling bird. Its untried wings, on its first flight from the nest, had landed it on the concrete of the superhighway.

A car rushed over it. Although the wheels missed the young bird, a hurricane of wind left by the car's passing sent the fledgling rolling like a tumbleweed. It struggled to its feet, wobbled about, huddled low on the gray-white concrete. Another car shot over it and another gale buffeted it and sent it sprawling. How many times it miraculously escaped from the wheels of the racing cars I do not know. But at least half a dozen machines, all going between forty and fifty miles an hour, passed over it before I could find a place to pull off the highway, return, and rescue the young bird during a momentary lull in the traffic.

It was groggily rocking back and forth on its spindly legs when I scooped it up. Its eyes were half closed. All the while, the two parent birds were diving about me, their cries shrill in my ears. Only after I had set the fledgling down in the shade of a tussock—where the adults could find and feed it until it recovered its strength and tried its wings again—did the frenzy of the commotion subside.

The first flight of this robin, and its adventures among the juggernauts of the superhighway, reached a superlative in excitement. But for all nestlings, breaking home ties brings exciting hours and a period

# FLEDGLING ADVENTURES

By EDWIN WAY TEALE

*This well-known nature writer and photographer tells you about baby birds, and the marvelous instinct which makes them take to the air*



Above: A MALLARD FAMILY, SHOWING THE TWO PARENTS WATCHING OVER EIGHT DUCKLINGS. ONE IS BEHIND ITS MOTHER



Left: A BABY SCREECH OWL, WHICH LANDED ON THE SIDE OF A TREE AND CLUNG TO THE BARK ON ITS FIRST ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM THE NEST

Photographs by the author



of uncertainty and hazard. They are launching themselves with untried wings upon the invisible medium of the air.

Among the Adirondack mountains, where a forest trail mounts a low ridge covered with oak and spruce trees, I watched a fledgling one morning in mid-August. A hot silence enveloped the forest—the green silence of the treetops above; the brown silence of the molding leaves below. As I neared the end of the ridge, I became aware of a sudden excited crescendo of small-bird voices ahead. A male black-throated blue warbler, its white wing patches standing out in the forest light, was fluttering from branch to branch in a dead spruce tree. Clinging to one of the dry twigs of a lower branch, a fledgling warbler was looking fixedly straight down the slope of the ridge. It had just left its little nest of bark, grasses, pine needles and rootlets, hidden near by.

Watching me approach, the parent bird darted about incessantly, calling with mounting excitement. The baby gripped the twig as though it were determined never to let go. I had come almost abreast of the dead spruce before the fledgling launched itself down the slope. It flew directly away from me, and I could see the hard-fluttering wingbeats which kept it in the air and carried it downhill over the fallen trees and above the green stretches of bracken.

The baby warbler, with its father darting about it with shrill cries of encouragement, fluttered on and on. It seemed unable to stop flying, unable to decide on what branch to alight.

Throughout its swift downhill coast, it kept yipping in shrill excitement. It behaved like a beginner on skis rushing downhill and calling at the top of his voice for everyone ahead to get out of the road. Finally, almost on the edge of a brook, the baby bird made a fast and sudden landing in another spruce. There it clung as though winded and dazed. I felt all worn out, too. The parent warbler, as though in great relief, dropped down beside the fledgling.

A few hours later, when I returned along the trail, the little bird was back almost in the identical dead spruce from which its initial flight had begun. But now it was fluttering from lower to higher branches. It had learned to fly uphill as well as down. It was now a creature of both earth and air.

The age at which a fledgling makes its first flight varies greatly according to the species. Some gain their flying feathers hardly more than a week after they hatch from the egg, while among the Andean crags of South America young condors remain on



Top: A FLEDGLING ROBIN WHOSE SPECKLED BREAST SHOWS ITS RELATIONSHIP TO THE THRUSHES. Above: A PARENT ROBIN NEAR ITS NEST AND OPEN-MOUTHED BABY. Right: BABY SCREECH OWLS HUDDLING ON A VINE



their nest ledges and are fed by their parents for a full year before they soar out over the valleys below on their nine-foot wings. Among ground-nesting birds, such as the common killdeer, the young leave the nests as soon as they hatch from the eggs. But they do this by running about in the manner of baby chicks. Later they obtain their flying feathers and take wing.

While waiting for their muscles to develop and their wing feathers to grow in place, baby birds have adventures of many kinds within their nests. Great windstorms bring exciting moments to fledgling blackbirds in their basket nests among the cattails, and to baby orioles, swinging in great arcs in their nests at the tips of elm boughs. Screech owl children see the opening of their tree-trunk hollow become alternately dark and livid white in the midst of electrical storms at night. And wild ducklings

get a foretaste of their aquatic life when squalls drench their pondside nests.

The adventures of nestlings often occur in strange surroundings. Gilbert White, in his classic *The Natural History of Selborne*, tells of English swallows that made their nest on a pair of shears that had been stuck up among boards in a shed, and of another pair that nested in a conch shell, and on the dried body of an owl tacked up to the wall of a barn. In Wisconsin, some years ago, baby wrens hatched out and reached the fledgling stage in a nest built in a pair of old pants left hanging in an outhouse.

Of all these nestlings, none had such extraordinary adventures as the robins in a tree at the Bronx Zoo, in New York City. At that time the man-hating elephant, Khartoum, was one of the most dangerous animals in captivity. Yet when a pair of robins built their nest in a tree in his cage, the great beast seemed to develop a sentimental attachment for the baby birds. Day after day, he would take his place beneath the tree, lift his massive trunk and, gently and carefully, fondle the little birds with its sensitive tip.

As a general rule, however, the time for surprises and ad-



for a  
below  
esting  
leave

But  
baby  
s and

and  
birds

ests.  
edg-  
cat-  
cs in

owl  
flow  
idst  
ings

ventures in a fledgling's life is the time when it leaves the nest. All the birds in a neighborhood often sense this, and I have seen blackbirds, catbirds, robins, grackles, and even swallows join in the excited clamor when a baby robin tried out its wings too soon and came to ground in a downward slant. Some fledglings are rash and fearless and try to fly before their wings and muscles are ready; others hang back, fearful to trust themselves to the invisible support of the air. Just as among human children, bird children vary widely in the amount of self-confidence they possess.

But all possess the instinct to fly as well as the feathers to support them in the air. They know what to do when they launch themselves from the nest. Instinct is so strong among birds that a baby chicken, which sometimes will begin to peep before it hatches, falls silent within the shell at the warning cluck of the mother hen. The instinct which aids the fledgling to navigate the air is vital to its safety. It enables it to fly well enough, usually at the first trial, to avoid most of its enemies successfully.

Learning lessons, of an infinite variety of kinds, occupies the days after a fledgling ventures from the nest. As was related in a previous article, *Summer School for Woodland Babies*, (June, 1943), many birds teach their children how to hunt and how to avoid dangers. I have seen a parent starling, its feathers glinting in the sun, followed across a lawn by four or five grayish-black youngsters. The parent was digging up grubs and finding other food which she thrust down the throats of the hungry fledglings. But she was offering them more than food. She was providing, by example, a lesson in making a living. Wild ducks sometimes

swim about a pond, one on either side of a duckling like a protecting convoy.

In a tangle of underbrush just off a wood road, some years ago, I was bending silently over my camera trying to record on film the activity of a curious bark beetle, when a shrill hubbub arose some forty or fifty feet to my left. The screaming of a blue jay mingled with the frenzied cries of a pair of towhees. The towhees seemed beside themselves with anxiety. The jay appeared, darting along close to the ground. Ahead of it, scuttling this way and that through fallen leaves and tangled twigs, was what appeared to be a meadow mouse. Its hurried rushes carried it close to me and I saw it was a baby towhee, still unable to fly and fleeing from the jay in blind panic.

The parent birds, gentle and unaggressive, could only scream their distress. They made no move to attack the bigger and more aggressive bird. Suddenly the bright-eyed jay saw me move. It shot behind a bush with a flip of its blue wings and its harsh screaming receded as it darted away. The towhees were still anxiously flying from perch to perch when I left. But they knew where the fledgling was and they could find and feed it.

When their own young are endangered, the blue jays, unlike the gentle towhees, swiftly fly to the attack. Every summer, items appear in the newspapers about pedestrians being set upon by blue jays and by screech owls. Both these birds, when their fledglings are ready to fly, begin swooping down to attack everything that may be a source of danger.

A friend of mine once started toward his parked car when a blue jay darted, screaming, toward him. The onslaught was so fierce that he had to retreat. Again he tried to get to his car and again the performance was repeated. Eventually, he shielded his head and peered beneath the machine. There, near one of the front wheels, crouched a fledgling blue jay. It had landed near by at the end of its initial flight and had taken refuge under the car.

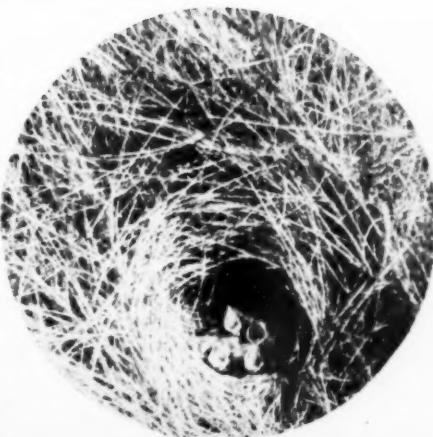
My final incident, in concluding this article, concerns the manner in which two blue jays combined in a clever stratagem that drove away the cats from the neighborhood of a nest where their fledglings were approaching the time of their first flight. For days the war between the cats and the jays had been going on, when I was attracted one morning by an uproar and the continual plunging of blue jays past my study window.

I looked out. Our pet kitten, Silver, had been spied by the jays as he lay sunning himself on the peak of the front porch. Less than a hundred feet away, the blue jays had their nest. They immediately swooped to the attack. Their assault, however, was no haphazard affair. The two birds (Continued on page 29)

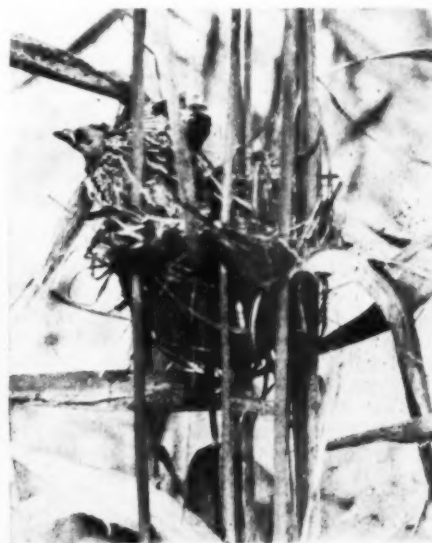


Above: CONVOY FOR A BABY DUCK FORMED BY TWO PARENT MALLARDS

Right: BABY MEADOW LARKS WITH THEIR MOUTHS WIDE OPEN. THEIR MOTHER KNOWS THEM FROM OTHER BABIES BY THEIR MOUTH PATTERN AND COLOR WHICH VARIES WITH THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF BIRDS



Far Right: A FLEDGLING BLACKBIRD LOOKING OUT OF HIS NEST—A BASKET WHICH IS FASTENED SECURELY AMONG THE CATTAILS





BOYS DON'T LIKE HEARING  
YOU RUN DOWN OTHER GIRLS

*Listen to yourself talking—can you find anything wrong in what you hear?*

**I** WANT to say a few words about talking. In short, how's your conversation? Does it need a beauty treatment?

Have you ever stopped to think that talking to others is just about the most important thing you do? Through what you say and how you say it, people judge the sort of person you are. Often they make up their minds about you through your conversation, without ever giving you a chance to show what you can do. You may have all sorts of good ideas and kind intentions, but if every time you open your mouth you make a noise like a broken phonograph record, you're not going to get very far with them.

We keep old friends and make new ones largely through the way we talk. Unfortunately it can lose them for us, too. We can get the right position through the ability to express our thoughts clearly and intelligently; or, through lack of that ability, we can miss the big chance. If we're careful about the things we say, we can make other people happy. If we're careless, we often make them miserable.

Well, then, how do you talk?

First of all, are you easy on the ear, or does your voice sound like an air-raid siren? Deep breathing will cure most voice troubles.

Do you go around working people into nervous breakdowns by flinging fifty or more unfinished sentences at them, all at one time? A higgledy-piggledy talker simply advertises to the whole world that she can't, or won't, think straight. If you want to prove that there's a brain under your pretty hair, finish your sentences.

Do you interrupt people all the time? Suppose your friend Susie is telling a story. Do you often get ahead of her and finish it up yourself? This doesn't really prove that you're bright and quick—it just makes people think you're inconsiderate. And it's a wonderful way to lose friends.

Do you keep trying to change the subject? If the other girls are discussing a club program, do you keep dinning away on the subject of your new dress? It may seem strange to you, but they may *want* to talk about that program. People who are always dragging the conversation back to themselves get to be tiresome.

## HOW'S YOUR CONVERSATION?



ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT YOUR  
VOICE IS EASY ON THE EARS?

By GERMAINE HANEY

Do you talk all the time? One good rule in conversation is to make it snappy. Say what you have to say, and when you come to the end, stop. People will love you for it.

Can you talk to more than one other person at a time? I've seen people who always manage to leave the third person out of a conversation, haven't you?

For instance, take a situation like this: Susie and you are bosom friends. You are walking home from school together. Suddenly, you turn a corner and overtake Anne, who is going home, too. You join her. Now, Susie and you share all your secrets and all your friends, but Anne goes with a different crowd.

Do you try to make the conversation general? If you and Susie refer to the doings of your own group, do you give Anne an explanation? Or do you just sing a duet while she tags along feeling like the tail that didn't get pinned on the donkey?

No matter what sort of group you find yourself part of, share your conversation with *everyone* around you. Put yourself in the position of the person who is left sitting out in the cold. It's not very comfortable.

Some people feel miserable when they first meet strangers, chiefly because they can't think of anything to say to them. However, you can't avoid meeting strangers. You really wouldn't want to. If you never talk to anyone new, your life is going to be about as exciting as a turtle's.

So, when you meet new people, just relax. Very few of them bite, remember. The first thing to do is take a deep breath. This may sound silly, but it isn't. When you breathe deeply, you automatically relax. The minute you start breathing in little gasps, you begin to tie yourself into knots. And your voice sounds like steam escaping from a radiator.

Remember, you don't have to start making cheerful noises right off the bat. Take your time. Give yourself a minute in which to smile. The stranger may be nervous, too, and a smile will reassure you both. It's like sticking a toe into the lake before you plunge in, just to make sure the water is warm.

And there are all sorts of subjects you can use for springboards into the conversational pool. A little small talk about the weather isn't going to hurt anybody. I know it's used a lot, but fortunately it's changeable. Of course, you don't have to hang on to it grimly, hour after hour. (Continued on page 22)

# FOR THE LAND'S SAKE

## CONCLUSION

**M**Y HEART seemed to stop entirely when I looked out the window at the burning tobacco barn. It was a sickening sight.

"Run and wake Tommy!" I cried hoarsely. "We'll try to put it out."

Pat leaped from the bed and ran across the hall, yelling like a maniac, "Help! Help! Fire! Fire!" She certainly got results with her sensational method. Out of one door popped Tommy in his zebra-striped pajamas, and out of another popped Cousin Emmie in her nightgown and minus her teeth.

I snatched off my dance dress and pulled on a sweater and skirt, and while the others were scrambling into their clothes I called some of the neighbors on the phone. It seemed hopeless to try to put out the fire. The barn was built of poplar; it was old and well-seasoned and would burn like tinder.

A stranger procession than we made that night you would not often see. Tommy, in front, was running like a scared rabbit, with Pat and me close behind, and after us ran Cousin Emmie—and Aunt Susan who was moaning and groaning and panting like a lizard.

As we came close to the barn, we could see in the bright blaze two running figures. We could not tell who they were. The hot breath of the fire was upon us. The flames roared upward, in a straight column; there was no wind at all.

Tears were rolling down my cheeks. Once or twice before in my life a barn or shed had burned, and it had made only a small impression on me. But after you have worked and planned and worried over a crop, you feel differently when you see it going up in smoke.

Near the opposite edge of the circle of light which the fire had made, I recognized Lavinia. She was crouching over something, tugging at it. I ran over to where she was. A man was with her, helping her lift a basket of stripped tobacco. He turned toward me and as the glaring light of the fire fell full on his face, I saw who it was.

"Jim!" I exclaimed. "Where on earth have you been?"

"I been up to Detroit," he told me, and offered neither explanation nor apology. A horrid suspicion crossed my mind. Had Jim set fire to our barn? But why would he have done that? Then I saw, with amazement, that he and Lavinia, with the help of the Myers boy—who got there before we did—had saved nearly all the stripped tobacco; basket after basket of it they had pulled out of the burning barn

and carried to safety. I felt rather ashamed of my ugly suspicion; they had risked being burned to get some of those baskets out.

When Aunt Susan came up and saw Jim, her nostrils flared with anger and I was afraid she was going to accuse him, then and there, of arson.

"Who could have set it on fire?" gasped Cousin Emmie. "And why would anyone want to do such a thing? Oh, my poor, dear Cousin Ed! What a shock it will be to his nerves. And his bad heart. I just hope he will survive it."

"We won't never know how it happened, I reckon," said Lavinia. "Aunt Susan and I was here till dark, stripping, and we never had a spark of fire. It's my opinion a tramp stopped by here tonight and slept a while and dropped a cigarette." She wiped her streaming face with her apron.

"Possum hunters might have been through here and dropped a cigarette," suggested Tommy.

"I come in on the two o'clock freight," Jim put in. "And as I wuz crossin' the pasture, makin' for home, I seen the first blaze. I tried to put it out by myself, but hit wuz beyond me, so I run and got Lavinia. She helped me bring out a lot of baskets, and this here boy and I done the rest. I shore hate it for pore Mr. Downing. Hit's bad!"

He sounded perfectly sincere, and I felt certain he was telling the truth. I thanked him and Lavinia and Buddy Myers for what they had done.

Meantime a lot of the other neighbors had arrived and stood around, watching the falling timbers and expressing their sympathy. I do believe that the warmest hearts in the world belong to farm people. Good old Mr. Myers patted my shoulder and said, "Cheer up now, it vasn't your fault. And ve all have our share of bad luck. It could have been worse."

"That's true, Mr. Myers," agreed Cousin Emmie. "Mr. Downing carried insurance, I'm sure. He is always well insured."

When finally I got to bed that night, I did not feel the least bit sleepy. I lay awake and watched the day dawn. I had not very long to wait. I was terribly worried about how to break the news of the fire to Father.

The minute breakfast was over, I called our insurance agent, Mr. Peterson, to report the loss. He came right out and appraised it. Well, I was definitely cheered to learn that Father had a thousand dollar policy on the barn and a twenty-five hundred dollar policy on the crop. With the help of the Myers boy and his father, and Jim and Lavinia, Mr. Peterson estimated the amount of tobacco saved as fifty percent of the crop. But that still made the insur-

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

*As Lucy Ellen says good-by to her duties as a farmer, a more exciting chapter opens for her*



"HARRY, HARRY, IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"





ance company owe Father two thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars.

Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars could console me for almost any barn and half its contents, but I suspected Father would feel very differently. When Mr. Peterson had gone, I sat down to try to write him a letter and break the news gently.

In desperation I nibbled my pen, unable to get the letter started. Pat and Tommy rallied round to help me. Pat said, "Just start off by saying, 'Dear Father, could you use a check for twenty-two hundred and fifty?' That would be a good way to break the news."

"No, it wouldn't," said Tommy. "It would only make him think you had sold the tobacco for that, and when he found out the truth he'd feel awful. I would say, 'The tobacco barn caught fire and burned up, but half the crop was saved, and the other half was insured.' Father is no baby, even if he is sick."

As it turned out, I didn't have to write any letter at all. The telephone rang and it was Western Union with a wire from Mother saying Father was well enough to come home. They were leaving Florida that day and would arrive next day at seven P.M.

That message threw us into a dither of joy and excitement, not unmingled with dismay. I mean we were like the people in the fairy story when they waked from their hundred years' sleep and leaped into activity. Aunt Susan whirled into baking a cake, Pat started the vacuum cleaner, Tommy got busy washing the car, I went out to rake the fallen leaves that still lay thick on the lawn. Our housekeeping had been pretty sketchy with so much else to do, and we didn't want Father and Mother to find the place looking gruesome. We kept at it all that day and the next until nearly train time, and really we had the place looking right presentable, considering the short time we had.

"We ought to have a potted plant for Father's room, don't you think so?" asked Pat anxiously. "It would make it look much more welcoming. And in Florida, where he has been, he has got used to flowers."

"Father hates people to waste money, though," Tommy pointed out. "It might make him sicker."

"That's true," I agreed. "But if we each chip in a dollar out of our own money, we can get him a pretty plant and no one will be much worse off." So we agreed on that and I phoned the flower shop to send us an azalea.

The florist's truck was late coming—we were ready to start to the train when it came in. Pat snatched the plant from the driver and ran to put it on the bedside table in Father's room.

Topper was dancing with excitement as if he knew what was going on and when we got into the car, he leaped in with us. We had a hard time getting him out.

"I think we ought to let him go," argued Pat. "His feelings will be hurt if we make him stay at home."

"There's not room for him," said Tommy with finality. "Get out, good old fellow. We'll be back in a few minutes."

The train, we found out when we got to the station, was thirty minutes late. "If you shut your eyes and count slowly to five hundred before you open them, it helps the time to go faster," said Pat. Tommy glared at the face of the clock as if it were the face of an enemy, and went outside to walk the rails for his pastime. I bought a magazine and began a detective story.

Finally we heard the train whistle, and Pat and I sprang to our feet with one movement. Tommy came running and stood beside us on the platform. By then we could see the smoke of the train and hear the sound of the engine. Then we saw it coming round the curve and slowing to a stop. We ran alongside until we came to where the Pullman conductor was getting down his



Illustrated by MEG WOHLBERG

"WE COULD NOT TELL WHO THE TWO FIGURES WERE"

step. Then we had to wait till the first passengers got off.

In a moment we saw Mother in a pretty new hat made entirely of violets. She was smiling at us and waving her hand. Just behind her we saw Father. He was very brown and he looked heavier and younger, lots younger than when he left. All of us, by then, were screaming with excitement. I mean we sounded like a pep squad, as they came down the steps. And on the way home we were still incoherent with excitement.

When we got to the gate and Father got his first glimpse of the house, he gave a big, satisfied sigh and said, "It's good to be back!" Mother's eyes were full of tears when we stopped the car and she saw Aunt Susan running out, with Topper at her heels wriggling with joy.

Tommy hustled the bags out of the car and into the house, and we all trooped in after him. Supper was wonderful. Aunt Susan had laid herself out on it. It was such fun to be eating at the big table in the dining room, instead of having a forlorn little meal for three in the breakfast room. Father was in high spirits. He laughed loud and long at Tommy's account of the corn gathering.

I hated to mention the tobacco barn and take the keen edge off his homecoming pleasure, so I decided to wait until later. But I knew I couldn't put it off much longer. I wanted to prepare him for the shock of seeing the barn was gone when he looked out the next morning. So about bedtime, when we were all sitting in the living room waiting for the news, I said, "Father, as you know, the corn and hay came out fine, but we had some bad luck with the tobacco. I hope you won't feel too bad about it."

Father looked concerned. "Did the tobacco mildew?" he

asked. "Too much rainy weather is mighty apt to cause strutting."

"No," I said faintly, "it's much worse than that." Father grunted and frowned.

"The barn caught on fire," explained Pat. "It burned down, but Jim and Lavinia and the Myers boy pulled out a lot of the tobacco, and you will get a lot of insurance."

Father groaned again. I thought, for a minute, that he was going to rave, but he didn't. He said, "When did it happen? Why didn't you let me know?"

"It only happened night before last," I told him, and with constant interruptions from Pat and Tommy, I explained how it was.

"I'm sure Jim is innocent, though appearances are a little against him," Father said. "He is a weak stake, to be sure, but he is not a criminal."

"Tobacco barns burn more often than any other buildings on farms, I've noticed," said Mother. "I'm thankful you have insurance, but I hope you won't build it back. Tobacco is a worry to you from start to finish, with labor as it is now. I wish you would put the place in pasture and run beef cattle on it, or maybe buy some more milk cows."

Pat, Tommy, and I gave simultaneous groans. "Anything but cows!" I pleaded. "Cows are more trouble than tobacco or anything. You don't know what we went through until we got Lavinia to take over the milking."

Father was so quiet I was afraid his homecoming had been spoiled. Then he looked across at Mother and his face relaxed in a smile. "I'm strongly disposed toward pasture and beef cattle so long as I run the farm." He looked at me and smiled. "I don't want Lucy Ellen to get to (Continued on page 30)





*Weirton Steel Employees Bulletin, Weirton, West Virginia*

OPENING AND CLOSING THEMES FOR THE WEIR-COVE, WEST VIRGINIA GIRL SCOUT BROADCASTS ARE PLAYED BY A MEMBER OF THE TROOP. THE ACCOMPANIST IS ALWAYS A SCOUT AND THE MUSIC BRIDGES ARE SELECTED FROM MUSIC SHE KNOWS, OR IT IS WRITTEN JUST FOR THE BROADCAST BY HER MUSIC TEACHER

# GIRL SCOUTS



THIS GROUP OF SCOUTS IN GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, HELD THEIR GIRL SCOUT BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE OVER THE AIR



# TS on the AIR

*Left:* GIRL SCOUTS OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, WHO PARTICIPATED IN ONE OF THE FIRST INVESTITURE CEREMONIES EVER TO BE HELD AS A BROADCAST



THIS SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TOOK PART IN THE REGULAR SATURDAY BROADCAST, "LUNCHEON IN THE COTILLION ROOM," WHICH ORIGINATES IN THE HOTEL PIERRE IN NEW YORK CITY. AT LEFT IS GENE KIRBY, ANNOUNCER, AT REAR RADIE HARRIS, WHO CONDUCTS THE PROGRAM, AND AT RIGHT, MARGO, STAR OF THE CURRENT HIT, "A BELL FOR ADANO"

*Left:* GIRL SCOUTS OF WEIR-COVE, WEST VIRGINIA, GO OVER THEIR RADIO SCRIPTS BEFORE GOING ON THE AIR AND LEARN FROM THE ANNOUNCER HOW TO GET THE SOUND EFFECT OF A DOOR SLAMMING



*Weirton Steel Employees Bulletin, Weirton, West Virginia*

*Left:* PARTICIPATING IN A BROADCAST SPONSORED BY THE COMMUNITY RADIO WORKSHOP IN WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, WHERE ALL ORGANIZATIONS WORK TOGETHER ON RADIO ACTIVITIES

*Right:* AN ARMY NURSE, A FORMER GIRL SCOUT, TELLS CLIFF ARQUETTE ON HIS PROGRAM, "GLAMOUR MANOR," THAT FORMER GIRL SCOUT TRAINING HAS HELPED HER CONSIDERABLY IN HER ARMY CAREER





# GET in the SWIM—

By MARGARET  
C. LEWIS, M.D.

Girl Scout National Staff



*Far Left:* WELL EQUIPPED DOCKS WILL HAVE A RING BUOY LIKE THIS ONE WHICH CAN BE THROWN TO A PERSON WHO IS DROWNING OR IN DISTRESS. LOOK FIRST FOR THIS, AND THEN FOR A BOAT. DIVING IN YOURSELF COMES LAST ON THE LIST



*Left:* THERE ARE RULES ABOUT WHAT TO DO IN A CANOE. DO YOU KNOW THEM?

SOME of you, of course, are numbered among the lucky ones who live in an all-time summer climate where swimming and boating are yours for the asking any day of the year. To the majority of our readers, however, to be in or on the water for fun represents a "Vacation Special" to be eagerly planned for and happily looked back upon as tops in summer entertainment. For so many, aquatic activities from September through June are associated largely with grooming techniques or laboratory problems. A cold shower mornings to help get awake and a warm tub at night to encourage sleep are excellent as essentials, but lack glamour as water sports. Add to this a patient mother's advice to "drink six glasses daily, darling, as a sure 'nuf beauty aid," and an impatient Chem. teacher's warning to look beyond H<sub>2</sub>O if you wish a passing grade, and you are still unsatisfied with the uses to which water is put.

The fortunate few of you who swam before you walked, paddled a canoe before you could spell the word, or rowed instead of rode to school when you were still quite young, perhaps know all the answers. Even so, won't you look over, rather than overlook, this article to see if it covers the main facts; and if you think something misses the point, or is entirely missing, send in your ideas to help us show that playing the safe way pays?

So much as a prelude—now to prove safety makes sense at the waterfront, whether that front be represented by a homemade swimmin' hole or a stretch of the Atlantic like the one at Nantucket, where a signpost pointing seaward reads, "Next land Spain." Following the pattern of the interrogations, let us begin with *Why*:

*Why* is there need to prove to you that safety makes sense as you begin to plan for water sports? Because, gentle readers, the 1944 edition of *Accident Facts* compiled by The National Safety Council shows that about seven thousand persons in this country alone lose their lives each year from drowning. Over half of these accidents happen in

summer and almost half of the victims are children and young people from five to twenty-four years of age. That should answer why you must be safety-wise, and make sure you are counted *out* in any such figures as these.

*What* are these water sports that should be such fun and can be so full of hazards if you don't play the game with care and common sense? Nothing that should cause danger—just an opportunity, where possible, to have some kind of fun and safe adventure in or on the water.

*Where* can you find the best setting for these sports? If you're a beginner, the ideal place to learn is at a camp such as many of our Girl Scouts attend, where site equipment, instruction, and supervision are all carefully approved and the activities carried on according to accepted standards.

However, in these wartimes, if the Office of Defense Transportation or other restrictions make it necessary to get your summer fun nearer home, it is still possible to keep swimming in the picture. Perhaps the Red Cross is giving courses at the lake, shore, or beach in your community and classes are scheduled for young people at certain periods. If you're a novice, check on it, for here you will find a safe and satisfying way to learn from experts. If you're already a Junior Life Saver, you may be able to help some other youngsters learn the safe way to swimming success as a part of your summer water sports fun. Or you may swim with your leader, who knows the rules, on a day's hike with your own club or troop. Or it may be a part of one of the nicest old styles made new again, the family picnic. Wherever the setting, plan to check on certain factors for safety's sake, remembering that the farther you are from the standard protections such as organized camps, patrolled beaches, or supervised pools offer, the more need there is to stop, look, and listen before going off

the deep end. Be sure you are familiar with the area in which you plan to swim. Do you know whether there are any hidden rocks, unsuspected shallows or depths, tides, currents, or treacherous undertows that might turn fun into tragedy? You probably would not be so heedless, but it was just a few summers ago that I had to patch up the battered head of a young teacher who kept her class in a guarded place and then swam out of bounds herself, to an untested swimming area. Diving from one rock, she struck her head squarely against a submerged one of equal hardness and greater sharpness. Result—a six-inch scalp wound, ten stitches, three weeks of pain and expense for her, and needless anxiety for the rest. So much for stunting. It does not pay.

*Who* wants to play, regardless of where? Pretty much everyone—from Grandma, who shyly removes shoes and hose to rest her poor tired feet in a half-inch puddle, to the small brother who shakes off his shorts and is off "non-stop" to China. Where a swim is part of family fun, the daughter who has had camp experience has a superb opportunity to put into practice some of the hows, whats, and whys of water safety. Big Sister is always a bit special in the eyes of the younger ones and because of their tendency to "follow the leader," she has a rare chance to prove that it's not sissy to be careful.

*When* is it best to swim? So many times it just seems as if you can't wait to get into the water. Just a bite to eat and then ready to dash does it—but what does it *do*? It gives you cramps, that's what. Or it may be you want to plunge in after some high pressure game, race, or what not, in order to cool off, and again you get—not rest or relaxation—but cramps. This time from over-tired or overtaxed muscles. One of the most common of water accidents, cramps always cause pain and sometimes bring panic, so let's

# THE SAFE WAY



*Far Right:* IT'S NEVER SAFE TO CLOWN IN THE WATER, EVEN WHEN THERE ARE PEOPLE LOOKING ON

*Right:* GIRL SCOUTS IN CAMP BEECHWOOD, SODUS, NEW YORK, KNOW THAT IT IS SAFE TO DIVE OFF THE END OF THEIR 110 FOOT PIER IN LAKE ONTARIO, ARE YOU AS SURE OF THE PLACE YOU GO SWIMMING?



tion, in addition to the swimming tests and precautions, such items as the following. You may already know them, but for safety's sake let's check again on the record before starting off to sea, or reasonable facsimile thereof:

1. Know how to handle yourself and your boat in the water safely.

2. Know that your equipment is safe and adequate before attempting to use it. For canoes this means a check-up of canvas, frame, and paddles. A painter and extra paddle should be included. For boats, a check on the seaworthiness, condition of oars and rowlocks, and provision of extra oar, painter, and bailer.

3. Know the capacity of boat or canoe. Do you know how this is determined? Perhaps you do, but it's interesting enough to risk repetition. The capacity is determined by the number of persons who can sit in the bottom of the boat or canoe filled with water and still keep their heads above water.

4. Know and successfully pass a canoe tip test. Again, in case you haven't learned the Girl Scout way yet, this consists of capsizing the canoe about fifty feet from shore—rolling it to an upright position, climbing in, and hand paddling to shore dressed in a blouse and skirt or shorts, shoes, and socks.

In canoeing or boating be prepared for intense heat or sudden chill, for the weather changes without warning so often. The same rules for sunburn hold here as in swimming, and you'll do well to protect your eyes, too, from the glare of the sun. Rubber-soled sneakers or rope-soled shoes give firm footing. Of course changing seats is done only when the boats or canoes are beached or tied, and clowning is definitely out. Remember that a canoe always stays on top of the water, so hang on to it if you should capsize.

So much for the questions and answers. Do you still want to get in the swim? Of course you do, and of course you'll be having a wonderful time, while you prove to yourselves and to a grateful world that safety does make sense, and that such sense pays big dividends.

be sure to include these three little rules:

1. Wait at least two hours after eating.
2. Wait until you are rested.
3. Be sure you feel tiptop when you start.

How can you tell whether you're really the picture of health? Your health check from the doctor, which I hope you keep up to date, is always a safe passport to adventure. However, if on the day you plan to swim, you have a stomach-ache, headache, or earache, feel chilly, overheated, or overtired, play safe and stay out of the water. It pays.

How to get the most out of your swimming and have it take the least out of you can be covered in five special bits of advice.

1. Don't overdo it. Thirty minutes in the water makes a good average swim. However, if you feel chilly, look blue, if your teeth chatter or your hands shake, don't wait for a time limit to expire, but hustle out, and give yourself a good rub to warm up.

2. Protect your skin against sunburn, for believe it or not, in this we have one of our most common summer hazards. Take exposure to sun in small doses, and if you burn easily use a protective sun oil or lotion. In any event, don't plan to acquire that luscious suntan in one easy sitting, for it won't be easy, and it may be dangerous. At best, discomfort, and at worst, death, have resulted from taking such senseless risks. Remember, too, that strange as it may seem, the sun can burn just as seriously when it's hiding behind a cloud on a hot July day as when it meets you face to face.

3. Know your endurance and take no chances on overtaxing your muscles with swim marathons. If you feel yourself getting tired, remember that floating is a perfect rest cure, so turn over on your back and rest before the final homestretch to shore.

4. Stunts and lone-star exhibits have no place in your type of fun, so be content to swim with a buddy or the group: swim

parallel to shore when long distance is your aim, and know it's just as much fun to swim in five feet of water as in fifty. Don't take dares and don't be afraid to admit it if you can't swim. Everyone had to learn sometime.

5. If an emergency does come up, keep calm. Records show too often that "she lost her life because she lost her head." A classic example was the girl five feet tall who drowned in four feet of water because she was so overcome with fear and panic that she lost all reason. If you're a lifesaver already, or have learned to swim at camp, in a Y, or in a Red Cross class, you know their rule of three, Throw—Row—Go, used in recovering a drowning person. Just in case you aren't familiar with it and feel the urge to swim out when you hear a call for help, remember that the advice of trained experts is:

1. *Throw*—a ring buoy to pull the person in. In pools or on piers, long bamboo poles are often provided. These can be extended so the victim can get a grasp on something that will be of aid in pulling him in.

2. *Row*—Approach by boat is second best for long-distance rescues. An oar or air cushion from the boat can be used as a buoy to help the tired swimmer to shore.

3. *Go*—To go yourself is last on the approved list, so even though it may be first in your mind, remember where the experts place it and heed the rule of three.

Boats and canoes have not been forgotten, but just saved for the finish. It seemed fairer to put swimming first because more of you will go in for that form of water sport and because, too, it's a very important preparation for enjoying the other two in safety. The same set of interrogations could be cut down or built up to boat or canoe size patterns. Because we want our Girl Scouts to be so trained that their good times will be safe times always, we include in their preliminaries for boating and canoe participa-



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

temple of leaves and green bamboo shoots. The idea for this particular adventure originated with Miss Lathrop, who suggested that Hitty be consigned to the jungle and the savages, and she pictured the incident in one of the most appealing illustrations for the story.

*Hitty* was published in 1929. Two years later Dorothy Lathrop was discussing with Louise Seaman, then editor of Macmillan's juvenile department, her plan for a picture book to be called *The Fairy Circus*. She suggested writing a slight text to accompany the pictures. "The pictures came," relates Miss Seaman, "but I waited and worried about the text—until at last it arrived. It was exactly the right interpretation, the rich reflection of her stored-up wealth of watching outdoors with an artist's eyes; it had a grace of style shaped by continuous good reading."

*The Fairy Circus* is one of the loveliest of Dorothy Lathrop's books. Airy and delicate as the drawings are, they required careful research—but not all of it was gravely scientific. "For one of the incidents in *The Fairy Circus*," writes a friend, "she had to find out what a frog does with his front legs when he jumps. She consulted scientists in vain, and finally, when she had the frog in the bathtub, he was too quick even for artist eyes!"

Frogs in the bathtub, Pekingese puppies in the bedroom! "Certainly!" says Miss Lathrop. "It is not necessary to raise your models, but it's lots of fun," she continues. Fortunately, in some inexplicable way, the affection which the artist feels for such models creeps into his drawings. Without this affection he can make a perfectly correct anatomical study—but never a picture which children will love.

Miss Lathrop gives a charming description of the baby flying squirrel who confidently made a cradle of her left hand. Of course she needed that hand for drawing but she remarks, "Since only when sleeping is he quiet, I am glad to give up the use of one hand. But settle down for a nap he never does, until he has twirled around and around within my half-closed fingers like a little round top—but a top warm, pulsating, and exquisitely furred—ending up in just the wrong position! For me, at least—he seems quite satisfied with it. But if I have started to draw his right side, it is his left that is uppermost. If I want to see the shape of his nose, he is sleeping on it, or has wrapped his tail tightly around his head. And if I try gently to turn

him over without awakening him his eyes pop open and he starts twirling all over again."

In 1937 all this careful and loving study resulted in a book which was awarded the Caldecott Medal, the first medal ever to be given for a picture book for children. The medal is so called in honor of Randolph Caldecott, the English illustrator who died nearly sixty years ago, and whose pictures you all know without perhaps realizing who drew them. The book which received the medal was *Animals of the Bible*, and it is the sort of book which, for years to come, children of all ages will read with absorbed attention. Regrettably, Dorothy had to give up picturing some of the favorite animal heroes of her own childhood in the world of Bible stories—the Gadarene swine, Samson's foxes with the burning brands tied between their tails, Elisha's two she-bears—all of whom were considered too frightening for children. But enough were included to satisfy her—Elijah's ravens, for instance, and Daniel's lions. Naturally, deep study was needed to produce a book which should give an idea of the kind of animals that roamed the woods and fields in Bible days. For instance, what kind of dogs were common in Palestine when Christ lived? The Persian gazelle hound was mentioned in old accounts, so the next step was to find one. That might be a difficult job for some artists, but not for the Lathrops. One day Gertrude brought home a Persian gazelle hound, lent her by a friend, and it served a double purpose—as a model for one of Gertrude's finest pieces of sculpture, and for Dorothy's pictures.

The Lathrops have never considered themselves exempt from the cares of ordinary people. One autumn day, years ago, when a friend visited the house in Albany, Dorothy and Gertrude were away closing their camp in the woods, and the house was filled with the fragrance of grapes, for Mrs. Lathrop was making grape jelly. It was a very different day from the cold, snowy one on which I paid my visit, for this friend was taken down through the orchard garden to the pink stucco house with the sculptor's austere room, large enough for a horse to pose in; and into the illustrator's room, filled with books, paintings, and drawings. On the day I visited, the orchard paths were solidly packed with snow, and there was no opportunity to visit the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

studio. But while Dorothy and I talked, Gertrude moved about with light steps, bringing for inspection and admiration now the beautiful French poodle who stood on her hind legs like Sancho in *Little Men*, now one of the Pekes, freshly combed and very lovely.

Gertrude Lathrop mentioned in passing that, in the summer, bees are her special care. She takes great pride in her honey, and both sisters put up vegetables and fruits as skillfully as they wield brush and mallet. The Lathrops are vegetarians, and Anne Parrish once said of Dorothy that she would as soon wear a fringe of fingers as a piece of fur!

"Something about me? But there's nothing to tell!"

What Dorothy Lathrop really meant, when she said that, was that her work must speak for itself. And it has other messages besides those conveyed by the elves and fairies and birds which flit through her pages. What about her flowers and her leaves, so exquisitely done that fern fronds and Indian pipes have a new charm for you after you've really studied one of her drawings? Her strength and her modesty, the tireless and inspiring detail of her work, is well expressed in a poem by Walter de la Mare in his collection *Bells and Grass*, which she has illustrated. Here is the poem:

## THE HAREBELL

"In the clear summer sunshine, hour by hour,  
I've toiled, but toiled in vain, to paint this flower.  
Brushes, and box of colors, from their shelf,  
And nought else with me but the flower itself.

"Nothing alive—so steadfast yet so frail—  
Could ever bloom on paper, I know well;  
But poor and clumsy though the copy be,  
I could not wish for happier company.

"It seems it might, if I gazed on and on—  
That wiry stalk, those petals, blue yet wan—  
The solemn beauty of that marvelous cup.  
At last, for very love, give its strange secret up."

Many a flower, animal, and idea has been glad to "give its strange secret up" to so persistent and loving a worker as Dorothy Lathrop.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

## HOW'S YOUR CONVERSATION?

Those few sentences about the weather can lead to things one wears for different climates, different climates may lead to travel talk, travel talk may lead to all sorts of anecdotes—and the first thing you know, the stranger and you are having a wonderful time together.

**N**OW we come to gossip and gore. Don't tear other people to pieces. If you don't like them, keep the sad news to yourself. You'll make yourself miserable if you don't.

There are some people who run others down because, in some upside-down way, it makes them seem more important to themselves. Don't do it! If you want to feel im-

portant, do important things, but don't work up a false opinion of your abilities by belittling others. It will just end by making you feel smaller than you tried to make them out to be.

Above all, when you're talking to boys, don't run down other girls. This is a sure-fire way to become a wallflower. Look around you. Boys like girls who get on well with other girls.

Don't complain about the way other people treat you. If you're abused all the time, there may be something wrong with you. Don't give the fact too much publicity.

If something goes wrong, make the best of it. But don't be smugly cheerful about some-

body else's prize woe. Chronic glad girls are pains in the neck.

In the face of even a minor calamity you're probably entitled to do a little tooth-gnashing. But don't drag it out. There are better things to sing than the blues. You may not agree with other people's ideas, but this is no sign that you have to quarrel with them. Often the sting can be taken out of a statement if you begin it with, "I think," or, "It seems to me."

Don't go around trying to shove your opinions down other people's throats—they may not like giving an imitation of a sword swallower. You won't make any enemies by ask-

(Continued on page 27)



d, Ger-  
ringing  
beau-  
hind  
one of  
vely.  
passing  
al care.  
d both  
skill-  
The  
Parrish  
s soon  
f fur!  
othing

when  
speak  
besides  
es and  
What  
quiste-  
pipes  
really  
rength  
ng de-  
poem  
ection  
rated,

hour,  
t this  
shelf,  
lower

tail-  
well;  
y be,

on—  
an—  
cup,  
secret

been  
o so  
rothy

14

s are  
ou're  
ash-  
etter  
not  
is is  
nem.  
tate-  
"It

pin-  
may-  
wal-  
ask-

IF IT'S A . . .

Wilson

YOU CAN  
BANK  
ON IT

### Don Budge, American Boy

● The day Don Budge, the "Red Flame" of American tennis, first set sail for England was one he'll never forget. Don was not only going across the ocean but he was going to play tennis at *Wimbledon*—one of the sacred shrines of championship tennis. The King and Queen might even be there to see him.

So Don was extremely careful of his equipment. It's a matter of history now that the rackets he took with him on that eventful journey in 1936 were *Wilson* rackets. They had helped him win his place on the

team and he was going to stick to them. They were part of his game.

Don Budge started on the road to tennis fame on that trip. And from then on, through his amazing amateur and professional career, he has used *Wilson* tennis rackets exclusively. Why? Because he knew he could *bank* on them.

And that's a tip for you to remember after the war when new rackets are again available. *If it's a WILSON you can bank on it.*

*Wilson Sporting Goods Co. and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.*

*Don Budge is retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff.*

MEMBER:—The Athletic Institute, a non-profit organization dedicated to the advancement of national physical fitness.

Let's all boost the "War Memorials That Live" campaign to commemorate our war heroes.



## Wilson TENNIS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



#### BADGE WORK

IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN: I am writing this letter because I am so happy that you have Lucy Ellen back as part of the magazine. I've been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL since I first became a Scout in 1940. After a year of Brownies and six years of Scouting, I have finally become assistant leader of one of our own city grade-school troops. It's loads of fun, and sometimes makes me wish I was still a Tenderfoot.

Our magazine has helped me so much since I first started working on badges. With its aid I have completed sixteen and am working on Junior Citizen and Campcraft now. My younger sister, eleven, who is also a Scout, and my older sister, Catherine, who has been a Scout leader, enjoy the magazine also.

*Jane Van Slyke*

#### A GRAND CHARACTER

AUBURN, NEW YORK: I am thirteen years of age and am in the eighth grade at Central High School.

I have been a Girl Scout for almost three years, but I started taking THE AMERICAN GIRL only recently—and now I realize what I have missed during the other years. The magazine is not only packed full of interesting stories, but it offers splendid, helpful items which help in badge work.

The story I like best is *For the Land's Sake*. Lucy Ellen seems to portray the typical American girl in her troubles, hopes, and such. She is a grand character.

*Betty Wheeling*

#### THE OHIO RIVER

TORONTO, OHIO: I have read many magazines, but THE AMERICAN GIRL is my favorite. It's tops! I just started getting the magazine last October, but I think the stories are swell and the serials, too.

After I started taking THE AMERICAN GIRL, I read all about the Girl Scouts. I wanted to be a Girl Scout, too, so I joined about two months ago, in Troop Three.

I live on the upper shores of the Ohio River, about fifty miles from its source. We are in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains. Toronto is a moderately populated town in the river valley.

I live very close to the Ohio River itself. In fact, I can see it from my bedroom win-

dow, and it takes me only about a minute to run down to it. A few weeks ago we had a bad flood, but I live far above the flood stage.

*Ruth Ann Campbell*

#### THE NICEST CLASS

LANCASTER, OHIO: I can hardly wait till my next AMERICAN GIRL comes. I like everything about it, but especially Bushy and Lofty, *In Step With the Times*, and the fine articles.

Since my hobbies are bicycling, the out-of-doors, and homemaking, I wish we could have some articles about them. These hobbies grew from my wonderful experience as a Girl Scout.

My father is history teacher at Lancaster High School. I must say, even though I don't get all A's, I like his class the best of all. We have interesting discussions, and often we have Current Events when everyone tells the class about some news item. We don't have very many tests, either!

*Joyce Enoch*

#### THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

SAN CARLOS, CALIFORNIA: In school, many of my friends talk about things they read in your magazine and how much they enjoy it. I decided to subscribe, and I like it as much as they do.

I am interested in what girls do in different places and like your *A Penny for Your Thoughts* page.

Until September, 1943 I was living in the Hawaiian Islands—Oahu, to be exact—in a little town called Ewa, six miles from Pearl Harbor.

On December 7, 1941, I was getting ready for Sunday School when the Japs came. They were machine-gunning around where I lived and started a fire in the next-door neighbor's house. No one knew we were being attacked by Japs until it was announced over the radio. My mother and I, later in the day, were cutting dresses for my dolls when some very petrified ladies came over to see if we were all right. We were.

When I came to California, for the seventh and eighth grades, many children asked me if I lived in a grass hut. Actually, the house I lived in was like most of the ones you find in California, only a little bigger and one story only. One girl asked me if I wore a sarong. I didn't—no one did. My clothes were just

like the dresses and shirts and jeans girls in California wear in the summertime.

My hobby is collecting match covers. I have none from any continents other than North America, but I would like very much to have some. Swimming and surfboard riding are my favorite sports. Horseback riding is next.

I love raw sugar cane straight from the fields, though it is a little hard on my teeth. Art is my favorite subject in school. I am thirteen and attend the eighth grade at San Carlos Central School. I hope to go to Sequoia Union High next fall.

*Carol Morrell*

#### THE MOST WONDERFUL HOBBY

SHELTON, WASHINGTON: I was given a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas two years ago, and I love every bit of it. Lucy Ellen is my favorite character—she has such hard times and so little co-operation.

I am twelve years old and a member of Girl Scout troop Four in Shelton.

We have a lot of rain here, but otherwise it's a beautiful country to live in. Give me a fir tree and the Olympic Mountains to look at, and I'm happy! Hood Canal is very beautiful and people all over the Northwest come to see it in summertime.

Some of my hobbies are singing, drawing, studying birds, playing the piano, and fishing. But I have a little brother five years old and I consider him the most wonderful hobby in the world.

*Geraldine Carlson*

#### LONELY EVENINGS

FREDONIA, KENTUCKY: Thanks for making such a wonderful magazine. I love it. I have been living out in the country and I don't know what I would have done without it. Lonely evenings (which were most of the time) I would sit and read THE AMERICAN GIRL. I just couldn't wait until the day it would arrive.

Right now I am staying with my girl friend in Illinois. By the time you receive this I will be back in Kentucky.

I am in the ninth grade at school and am fourteen years old. My favorite sports are playing baseball and riding horses. I have my own horse, Pinto. She is brown and white.

*Pannell Langston*

*If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.*

## CONVERSATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

ing others what they think about things.

Now we come to compliments. What about the nice things you so often think about people, but never tell them because it makes you feel self-conscious to say these pleasant things? What on earth is so embarrassing about a simple compliment? We all like to hear nice things about ourselves. If you sincerely think something complimentary about someone, why not mention it?

But do it the right way. I know a young girl who recently made new curtains, a dressing-table skirt, and a bedspread for her room. Imagine how flat she felt when her aunt said only, "Oh, this is pretty! It's such lovely material."

What about the girl's hard work? Didn't that deserve praise, as well as the material? It's giving a bouquet with the left hand to say, "Mary, what a beautiful dress!" Isn't it just as easy to say, "Mary, your new dress looks so pretty on you!" After all, Mary may like to feel that she does something for the dress, instead of everything being the other way round.

Giving compliments is an art. They should be honest, they shouldn't be gushy, and above all they should be generous.

Accepting them is an art, too. The best way is to say simply, "Thank you. I'm glad you like it." The days of stuttering, "Oh, this old rag! I've had it for ages," are definitely done.

How do you feel about being corrected? If you've made a mistake and somebody points it out—gently, we hope—can you take it? Do you say, "Thank you. Probably I am wrong," or do you start chewing tacks? It takes a big person to admit a mistake.

Now, let's think about jokes. Are you one of those people who can poke fun at everybody else, but never can take a joke on yourself? That's not playing fair. Learn to join in the laugh when it's on you. By this, I don't mean that you have to go around wearing a clown suit, but to be able to join in the fun, when it's at your expense, is a very good idea.

## STRANGE HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

human, I told myself, and I don't suppose I possess more fear than the usual modern girl.

The kitchen was a long, bleak room, with one window opening into the back yard. There was a laundry beyond, with a door that also had access to the yard and rattled incessantly from the pressure of the wind. I poked around among the cupboards trying to find something large enough to catch the drip. My candle caused long, black shadows to hover over the place. Suddenly there was a great, dull thud against that kitchen window, then sinister silence.

Putting my candle down on the kitchen table, I crept stealthily over to the window and lifted the shade. Two blazing green eyes glared in at me. I could just see the outline of a cat. I felt rather sorry for the poor thing cringing there to keep out of the rain.



# Travel! Have Fun!

## WIN HONORS...WITH THE BAND

Make exciting new friends in distant cities... win honors, medals and ribbons in competition at district, state and national music contests and festivals... *go places and be popular!* You can have these wonderful experiences by joining your school band or orchestra... and you can do it by playing the band instrument of your choice... it's *easy* and it's *fun!* In one hour you can be playing a tune on your Conn... in a few weeks you'll thrill to your own music! There's only *one* line of notes to play, and on a genuine CONN instrument the fingering is simple, the scale comes rapidly. Get started now—the school band is the right "gang" to join! You may even win a college scholarship through your musical abilities. Thousands of others have!



### SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Tells how you can enjoy the same privileges, win the same high honors, have the same thrilling adventures as thousands of other boys and girls who now are members of school bands and orchestras. Use coupon, or get this book from your friendly Conn dealer. No obligation.



C. G. CONN LTD., Dept. 753, ELKHART, INDIANA  
Send my free copy of "Fun and Popularity Through Music"

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND INSTRUMENTS**

# Play Suited

for town or country—  
a two-piece denim playsuit  
with a matching skirt.



For play moments, choose this trim two-piece  
playsuit made of surf blue sanforized denim.  
Add the smooth fitting skirt when you  
go into town. Sizes 8-20.

8-175 Playsuit—\$2.75

8-176 Skirt —\$1.75



## GIRL SCOUTS—National Equipment Service

Retail Shop  
30 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, N.Y.

Headquarters  
155 East 44th St.  
New York 17, N.Y.

Branch  
1307 Washington Ave.  
St. Louis 3, Mo.

At last I found a big wash boiler in the laundry, and went bumping upstairs with it. The house was full of sounds as I padded through—vestibule doors were creaking and groaning in the fury of the wind, shutters were banging, and there was that steady sound of rain pelting down overhead. Sometimes I thought I heard muffled footfalls in another part of the house, but I could not be sure because of the noise of the storm outside. At last I tumbled into bed, no longer caring whether the roof blew off or not, for I was too tired to bother any longer.

When I awoke, it was a hot, sunny New York morning, and the events of the night seemed a mere haunting nightmare, though I knew they were not. I only had time to dress and dash off to class, and my whole day was so crammed with work that I could not give the house another thought. But the minute I came up those brownstone steps that evening, I began to speculate. Of course, the wind must have blown out the glass in the skylight, but those unaccountable footfalls—well, I was all ready for the creeps when I turned up the gas in the downstairs hall and saw that the little rug which was usually at the foot of the stairs was instead hanging over the baluster. Then I glanced toward the living room and noticed instantly that the big table, which was exactly in the middle of the room before, had been moved nearer the wall. It was high time these mysterious happenings were investigated, and I decided to notify my aunts even though they might think I was having hallucinations. I took the letter from Maine, which I had found under the front door, out of my pocket and tore it open to look for their address at the top. My eye unconsciously roved down the page and came upon these reassuring words, "We hope you are enjoying the quiet of the house for your studies, and that Maggie keeps it nice and clean for you. We forgot to tell you that she will be in every other day to keep the house in order."

I could easily imagine their hefty domestic tossing rugs and tables about indiscriminately, and it gave me a rather normal feeling of satisfaction to know that she had been there.

There was also a card from Barb and Bab. "It won't be long now—we are almost well again." I could imagine their hilarious reaction if I wired, "House is haunted. Don't come." Wild horses simply couldn't stop them then. My realistic family would get me out of there quickly enough and take me immediately to a psychoanalyst, no matter how much I might explain.

I decided to go out and sit on the front steps and meditate upon the only thing that still disconcerted me. I found that my neighbor, a nice old gentleman, was sitting out on his front steps also.

"My, what a night!" he exploded testily.

"I'll say it was!" I agreed with fervor.

"Storms always make my rheumatism worse, and I couldn't sleep with all that noise. Crashes and bangings—I never heard the like. I'm glad it's cleared up tonight. Certainly hope it stays so."

"Yes sir, so do I," I assured him. "I had to be up half the night, bailing out the top floor where the skylight was broken and the rain poured in."

"That's too bad. These old houses, you know—pretty doggone old, all of 'em."



"It's funny when you think that they are all alike," I mused.

"Well, almost. They have the same number of rooms, and the same size, but they are on opposite sides. Where your parlor is on the left, ours is on the right, and so on."

"Is that so?" I murmured politely.

"Yes, pretty funny old houses. Well, I'll be going in now and get a good night's sleep. So long, young lady." The old gentleman pulled himself up, and started ploddingly, deliberately, to climb the few remaining steps, halting now and then, and laying his hand heavily on the railing.

"Good night!" I called, and also rose to go in, for I wanted to prove my suspicions correct. I paused in the hallway and listened. There were the footsteps on the stairs—exactly the same as before! I dashed up the last few steps and tapped lightly on the panel with my knuckles.

"Good night!" I called again. "Pleasant dreams!" I put my ear against the wall.

"Good night, young lady," came the cheery response. "Same to you!"

## FLEDGLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

would wheel and dive, wheel and dive, the second about six feet behind the first. The leader would come rocketing down, screeching at its most raucous and ear-piercing pitch. It would dive straight for the cat, then veer away at the last instant and go flashing past, still screaming. The cat invariably turned its head to follow the progress of this noisy attacker. The second jay plunged downward without a sound. It did not veer away. Timing its swoop so it reached the cat just as it had its head turned, it dealt it a mighty jab with its beak.

Time after time, this stratagem was repeated. And, every time, it succeeded. The cat seemed unable to keep from following with its eyes the first bird as it rushed past in noisy flight. It never saw the second jay coming until it received another sound peck on the head. At the end of less than a dozen swoops, the parents of the fledglings had put the cat to rout.

### THE CARE OF BABY WILD BIRDS

Dr. Lee S. Crandall, Curator of Birds of the New York Zoological Park, prepared the following set of rules on the care of small wild birds:

1. If a nest containing young birds is blown out of a tree, try to put it back in its original site. If the birds are very young, the mother will probably continue to feed them; if they are almost old enough to fly, they will probably refuse to stay in the nest. This is natural and nothing need be done about it.

2. If the nest is destroyed, or helpless birds are found on the ground, they can be put in a substitute nest. This should be lined with something soft—cloth, cotton, or dried grass roughly shaped into the form of a nest. The purpose of this is to give the young birds' feet something to push against; if placed on a hard, flat surface their legs will spraddle and because of their rapid growth at this period will be likely to "set" in a spraddled position.



### BY A POWERS MODEL:

Here's a gal who works for a living. Alyce Fredericks is a Powers Model. Specializes in outdoor work. Glamorous? Yes, but no sophisticated high-jinks. No false eyelashes, elaborate hair-dos, or heavy make-up. The sun shows up phony tricks. Alyce has to look casual, natural, and in the pink.

What's the trick? Says Alyce, "I have to lead a model life."

Eight hours each night in the land of Nod. Swimming, horseback riding. Eating right, too. Three good regular meals a day. And, natch, that includes breakfast. Alyce likes Wheaties. Prefers these crunchy whole wheat flakes with milk, sugar and bananas.

Wheaties taste good? You bet. Light, yet nourishing. Important food values — Wheaties being flakes of whole wheat. Include Wheaties in your model life!

ALYCE  
FREDERICKS



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



"I WAS  
SCARED STIFF"

—until Betty told me  
about **EXTRA-SAFE**  
**SANAPAK NAPKINS!**

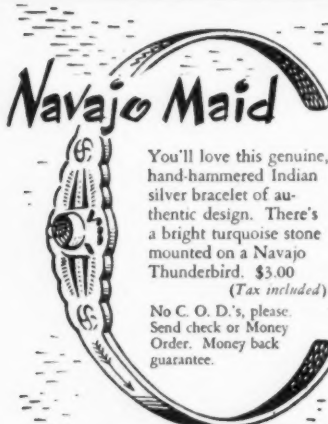
NO WORRIES, EVER, FOR THE GIRL WHO USES THESE

*New-Design* **SANITARY NAPKINS!**



Made with three "Pink Layers"—three zones of safety—SANAPAK ends risk of accidents! Extra safe . . . and extra comfortable too . . . because SANAPAK is faced with soft, downy absorbent cotton! All these extras, yet you pay no more for new-design SANAPAK!

**Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!**



You'll love this genuine, hand-hammered Indian silver bracelet of authentic design. There's a bright turquoise stone mounted on a Navajo Thunderbird. \$3.00

(Tax included)

No C. O. D.'s, please.  
Send check or Money  
Order. Money back  
guarantee.

**SPRINGER'S**

236 San Francisco St. EL PASO, TEXAS

**SELL Personal  
CHRISTMAS CARDS** FOR

TAKE easy orders from friends, relatives, business people. Use your lunch time, evenings, or full time to sell these Personal Christmas Cards with name imprinted. Show selections of 25 for \$1 and 50 for \$1. Make a handsome profit on every \$1 sale you make! No experience necessary. We supply FREE samples of our latest designs . . . richly colored.

**NEWEST BOX ASSORTMENTS for 1945** You can make EXTRA money quick selling these Christmas Card Assortments. Line includes: Religious, Christmas, "Oilette", Everyday Cards, etc. They are whirlwind money-makers! Also **FREE CASH PLAN** for Clubs, Churches, etc. **FREE SAMPLES** of Personal Cards. Start on this easy way to earn Extra Money now! **WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc., Dept. 39-K, 749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester (2), N. Y.**

**IF YOU'RE NOT REGISTERED  
YOU'RE NOT A GIRL SCOUT**

**EASY TO MAKE  
EXTRA MONEY**

Show new Christmas Cards with NAME IMPRINTED. Customers order on sight . . . 50 for \$1. You sell in spare or full time to friends, relatives, fellow workers. No experience needed—profits made quick. Also show delightful 21-Card "HerTelArt" Assortments, only \$1, your profit up to 50c. Five money-makers including Religious, Christmas, Humorous, Gift Wraps. Easy way to MAKE EXTRA MONEY. Sales openings are available but limited.

**THE HERTELART CO., DEPT. 1131  
305 W. Adams St., Chicago 6, Ill.**

**Sell  
Personal  
Christmas  
Cards**

**50 CARDS  
WITH  
NAME  
\$1.00**  
**21 CARD  
Assortments  
Sell for \$1.00**

**Vacation on Lake George!**

Rent a Permanent Furnished Campsite with canoe, situated on the lake shore of a Private Estate.—\$50. for 2 girls for 2 weeks. Ask for Booklet "G".

**CRAIG-WALKER CO., Bolton Landing,  
on-Lake George, N. Y.**

**BLEMISHES**

**TRY THIS TESTED WAY TO HELP  
RELIEVE BLACKHEADS AND  
EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES**

Want a clear smooth complexion again? Then cleanse face with Cuticura Soap as directed, next smooth on creamy, pleasant Cuticura Ointment. Results may surprise you! Recommended by many nurses. At all druggists.



FRAGRANT—MILDLY MEDICATED

**CUTICURA  
SOAP & OINTMENT**

3. Young birds placed in a temporary nest should be covered with a cloth and kept warm, as they are used to being covered by the mother and kept warm.

4. Baby birds must be fed at intervals of at least half an hour during the daytime. If they are very young, they will open their mouths to be fed when their nest is jostled. Slightly older birds, getting on toward the flying stage, will be too frightened to open their mouths and their beaks will have to be opened by the fingers.

5. The proper method of feeding a very small bird is to push a bit of food into its open mouth by means of a smooth spatula or a pair of blunt forceps, or even by two small sticks held in "chopstick" fashion.

6. Small birds should never be given water from a medicine dropper. When they are old enough to sit on a perch, water can be offered them in a shallow dish. Small birds are quickly killed by water given them forcibly.

7. Proper food for baby robins, blue jays, orioles, catbirds, and sparrows is: canned dog food; pellets made from bread crumbs and hard-boiled egg, moistened with cod-liver oil; bits of grapes, cherries, bananas, or mealy apples; pieces of earthworms that have been "squeezed out"; small pieces of scalded, chopped meat.

8. Young birds that are able to fly only weakly, and are in danger from cats and dogs while on the ground, may be placed in a tree out of harm's way. The parents will find them.

9. Birds assisted by their human friends should be turned loose at the very earliest moment—not only because it is illegal to continue to keep them, but because they will be unable to find food for themselves if they are accustomed to being fed by hand. Normally the parent birds teach the young to find food, and human assistance is no substitute for the bird's own efforts.

10. Most of our native birds are protected by law and it is illegal to have them in one's possession. Only emergency treatment should be attempted, and if the situation is such that prolonged care is necessary then the local conservation authorities should be notified.—Excerpt from *Parks & Recreation*, June, 1942.

**FOR LAND'S SAKE**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

looking like the man with the hoe, nor Pat, either. If and when Pete gets home, he may want to cultivate it with a tractor, or Tommy here may want to do some active farming when he grows up. But I'm retiring from strenuous labor. What would you say, Mother, if I took the insurance money and put a little with it and bought the cottage we had in Florida? The owner said it was for sale, you know."

Mother's cheeks flushed. "Do you mean it, Ed?" she asked. "It was such a darling little place," she told us. "It has a bay window that looks on the sea and a tiny garden in the back, with a hedge of hibiscus."

"That hibiscus hedge made your mother willing to overlook leaky faucets and some termite damage," Father said. "However, it would be pretty good to have the cottage to go to, if sickness or old age gets us down.

And, meantime, we could rent it and earn fair interest on our investment."

I didn't say so, but I was thinking that if and when Harry came home, and if and when we were married, we might go to that cottage for our honeymoon. The idea was so enchanting that I stopped listening to the others and let myself dream until Pat said loudly, "Lucy Ellen! Wake up! Father is asking you a question." Then to Mother she explained scornfully, "She's in love. She is always looking moony like that."

"Sure," said Tommy. "She doesn't know if she's coming or going."

I ignored their slurs and directed my attention to Father. After Pat and Tommy had gone to bed, he and Mother and I talked late, way past Father's usual bedtime. When finally Father got up to go to bed, he took one of my hands and ran a finger across the callouses on my palm. "I am proud of these," he said.

"They look prettier to Father than red fingernails," said Mother.

When I went to bed at last, I lay stretched out full length and feeling more relaxed than I had since that awful night in September when Mother phoned me that Father was in the hospital. Now Father was home and as well as ever, or nearly; Mother was home and already making things homey for us; Jim was back, presumably never more to roam; Harry and Pete were still alive, and perhaps in less danger than they had been.

I wondered whether I should go back to school after Christmas. In Harry's last letter he had talked a lot about our marriage. I drifted off to sleep, thinking about him.

Christmas came and we did the usual things, but it wasn't very gay with Pete and Harry so far away. Only little Peterkin enjoyed it to capacity. I kept thinking of the Christmas before, when I had seen Harry for the last time before he went overseas.

ONE morning early in January Mother waked me in the chill dawn, calling up the stairs, "Lucy Ellen! Lucy Ellen! Long distance is calling you!"

I stumbled down the steps, dazed and shivering, and gulped into the receiver, "Hello! Yes, ma'am, this is Lucy Ellen Downing."

"Just a minute," said the operator, sounding as wide awake as if it were high noon instead of a quarter to six in the morning. There was an interminable wait, very far from just a minute, and then I heard her talking briskly with an operator in San Francisco. "Lieutenant Harry Lee? Ready with your call to Tennessee."

My heart, by then, was pounding like a locomotive. Across three thousand miles I heard Harry's voice, unlike any other voice I've ever heard. He said, "Hello, Lucy Ellen! Excuse the early hour. I began calling you last night, as soon as I landed. How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine, Harry," I gasped, laughing and crying together. "Are you all right? I can't believe it's really you."

"It's me, though," Harry assured me, "and I'm swell. And how about a date Sunday night? Can you meet me at the Nashville airport at seven?"

"I can meet you any time and anywhere," I said. "How long is your leave?"

"I'm not on leave, I'm being mustered out," Harry said. "My right shoulder is still



"BIRTHDAY PRESENT - IT GOES 'POP' AND A CORK COMES OUT - DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT?"



**"fresh up"**  
- keep  
**smiling!**

Whether you're disgusted or just plain hot, you like the fresh, clean taste of a "fresh up" with 7-Up. With the first cool sip thirst goes . . . your spirits "fresh up". You feel like smiling. So drink crisp 7-Up often, with meals, at any hour. Ask Mom to keep a good supply on hand. And remember—everyone likes 7-Up . . . and 7-Up likes everyone.

*You like it,  
it likes you*

Copyright 1945 by  
The Seven-Up Company





**Scoldy Lox**  
**BOB PINS**  
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

- The pins with a lasting grip
- Smooth finish inside and out

## Penny says: "The Girl with a Clear Skin WINS"

DON'T let your skin become clogged and grimy. Keep it carefully cleansed, wholesome, refreshed—with the fluffy, exquisite lather of mild Resinol Soap.

To relieve itchy, smarting of pimples, and so aid healing—soothing Resinol Ointment does a world of good. Get both at any drug store today.



## RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP



**LOOKING for SOMETHING?**

MARK YOUR THINGS WITH **CASH'S** WOVEN NAMES  
Ideal for Camp, School, Home

Don't worry about clothing or other property. Mark everything with CASH'S NAMES. Identification is easy—positive—economical, because your name is woven to last and last. Perfect for the Armed Forces. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us.

**CASH'S** 35 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or 6200 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 44, Cal., or 25 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.

**PRICES** THREE DOZEN \$1.50 NINE DOZEN \$2.00  
SIX DOZEN \$2.00 TWELVE DOZEN \$3.00

## PERSONAL STATIONERY!

Your Name & Address Elegantly Printed on 40 Sheets Whippet Bond & 20 Matching Envelopes ... only ...

We will elegantly print anyone's name and address, business or personal style, on 40 sheets of crisp, new Whippet Bond Stationery (made by Hammermill), and on 20 matching envelopes—all for only 25¢! Or, if you send \$1.00 for four sets we'll include one extra set FREE of any extra charge—or 5 sets in all postpaid! Same name, or as many as 5 different names on stationery. Money-Back Guarantee. Supply limited. Order Now!

WESTERN STATIONERY CO.  
Dept. 139G, Topeka, Kansas



**SCHOOLS & COLLEGES**

Free Catalogs, ratings on all Private Schools, Colleges in U.S. Boys and Girls Camps, 30th year. G. I. Veterans' Educational Benefits and Approved Schools. Write: **AMERICAN SCHOOLS & COLLEGES ASSOC.** 2435 RCA Bldg., New York



**Amazing "Oilette" Cards** Like costly oil paintings. Design never before offered. Get orders fast. Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name. 25¢ for \$1. up. 9 other profit Assortments. New feature—clear ideas. 1 no limit profit. Write today for Samples on approval. **PURCO CO.**, 3041 Locust, Dept. 389, St. Louis, Mo.

stiff, and it is going to take a while to get my right arm limbered up. So I'm not very useful to the Army in the artillery, and they are not needing as many men now, you know."

"Harry!" I said. "It's too good to be true that you are back to stay. I can't wait to see you."

"Same here," said Harry, laughing. He asked about his father and my family, and just before the operator cut us off he said, "Get out the family wedding veil and dust it off. You are going to be needing it right away."

When I had hung up the receiver, I sat there by the phone, shivering with cold and excitement until Mother came out of her room and said, "You'll catch your death in those thin pajamas, child. Run back to bed until the house warms up." She threw her old blue wrapper around me and asked about Harry. I told her the wonderful news, then I leaped back upstairs and into my bed and drew the warm covers over me.

After a while I saw the sunrise through my east window. Long golden shafts of light appeared at first and then, with majesty, the sun appeared over the rim of the horizon. It was a lovely sight and it coincided with my mood. I mean my happiness was like sunrise after a stormy, miserable night.

The whole day my mind was in a whirl. I hated to mention a wedding and a trousseau to Father so soon after the fire. I mean I was afraid it might bring on a heart attack. But finally I did mention it to Mother and she was simply darling.

"Harry has been my adopted son since he was twelve," she said. "This will make it legal. Do you want to get married here, or at the church?"

"At the church, if I could, Mother," I said, "so that all our friends could come. This house would do well to contain just the relatives."

"That's true," Mother said. "We will have a reception here afterward, then. Do you want to be married in white?"

"Yes, please, Mother, if you think it isn't extravagant," I said. "And could I have a train, a nice long one?"

"I think we can manage that," Mother said. "I'll speak to Father."

I was very glad it was she, not I, who was going to broach the subject to him. I thought I would rather be married in a sweater and skirt than to have Father get going on the sinful extravagance of a church wedding, as I have heard him do.

He called me into his room that evening, just before supper. He was leaning back in his big armchair and I noticed how ruddy his skin was, all the pallor gone.

"Sit down, honey," he said. "Draw up to the fire. It's mighty cold tonight."

I sat down on the footstool beside him and put my head down on his knee. It was grand to have him home and well.

I did not speak, not knowing what Father had on his mind. At last he heaved a gusty sigh and said, "Your mother tells me that Harry is getting home Sunday, for good. She says you and he plan to get married. Is that right?"

"Yes, Father," I said, meek as a church mouse, not knowing what might be coming.

"You are mighty young," Father said sternly. "Mighty young. Marriage is a serious step to take. Do you realize that?"

## Handicrafts

Normally, we have everything for the craftsman. Thousands of items for every craft.

Today, the requirements of the Army, Navy and Red Cross come first. Thousands of our handicraft kits are going overseas or to hospitals where they are badly needed. However, some supplies are available for civilian requirements. Write to us first—if it's available, we have it.

If you are in New York, visit our new store—the only store of its kind in America—the only store where everything for the artist and the craftsman can be found—the address—12 East 41st Street, New York City 17.

Send 10¢ for 2nd War Edition Catalogue. In writing, be sure to mention "Girl Scout Department" for prompt attention.

### American Handicrafts Co., Inc.

Main Office and Mail Order  
45-49 So. Harrison St.  
East Orange, N. J.

West Coast and Mail Order  
915 So. Grand Avenue  
Los Angeles 15, Calif.

"Yes, Father," I answered very seriously. "I doubt it," said Father. "Young people think they realize what responsibility is, but they don't. They can't. They haven't the necessary experience. The war has matured Harry some, I expect. And what you've done here this fall and winter is all to the good. You are not as flighty as you were."

"Thank you, Father," I said, laughing. "Harry is a fine boy, no doubt of that," Father went on. "He comes of good stock. No objection to him. But just be sure you know your own mind. You are not twenty yet—mighty young to start making a home."

I did not point out that Mother was younger than I am now, when she married him. I mean it seemed impertinent to mention it. I just said, "I've thought about it a lot lately, Father. I'm sure I'm not making a mistake. I've known Harry nearly all my life."

Father sighed. "Every marriage is a gamble when it comes to that," he said. "Love is a fine thing in its place, but you have to have plenty of common sense and patience besides."

I nearly laughed out loud at that. Father is so noted for his lack of patience.

"I expect your mother has talked to you about all that, though," he went on. "Your mother is a good wife, all any man could ask for. If you are as good a wife as she is, Harry won't have anything to complain of." He took my hand and patted it. "I don't believe he'll do much complaining. He knows he's a lucky boy."

I heard Mother calling me and I got up to go.

"Just a minute," Father said. "Whatever you think you need in the way of a wedding dress and so on, all the fol-de-rols, I want you to have. You stood by me like a soldier this fall. I can't see how the crops would have been saved without you and Pat and Tommy. I'm not a believer in display and extravagance, but whatever you and your mother think is needed, go ahead and get it. I'll pay for it."

I leaned down and kissed the bald spot on his head. "Thanks a million, Father," I said.

(Continued on page 34)





### Same Difference

RADIO COMEDIAN (to young son returning from school): Were you promoted? SON: Promoted? I was held over for another twenty-six weeks! — *Sent by MAUREEN FOX, Santa Monica, California.*

### Malice Prepense

A Yankee farmer was being examined by his doctor preparatory to taking out an insurance policy. "Ever had a serious illness?" he was asked. "No," he replied. "Ever had an accident?" "No." "Never had an accident in your life?" "Well, no. But last spring, out in the meadow, a bull tossed me over a fence." "Don't you call that an accident?" "No, I don't. The bull did it on purpose." — *Sent by ELLA RAE BAYER, Somerset, Pennsylvania.*

### Indirect as Anything!

TEACHER: Give me an example of an indirect tax. PUPIL: The dog tax. TEACHER: Why do you call that an indirect tax? PUPIL: Well, the dog doesn't pay it. — *Sent by ADA BAILEY, Inwood, L. I., New York.*

### In the Butcher Shop



BOLOGNA: Whew, I never sausage heat! PORK: I'll say! I'm bacon! — *Sent by FRANCES O'CONNOR, Greensboro, North Carolina.*

### The Prize-Winning Joke

#### Bovine Luxury



CITY BOY (looking at his first wind-mill): "Gee, Uncle Tom, that's some electric fan you have there for cooling the cows!" — *Sent by ELEANOR POLAND, Plainfield, New Jersey.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to the girl whose joke is published in this box.

### Panic

A woman motorist was driving along a country road when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles. "Idiots!" she exclaimed. "They think I've never driven before." — *Sent by PATSY TAYLOR, Lansing, Michigan.*

### Enough's Enough

Oscar, aged eleven, was discussing an etiquette problem with his pal, Elmer. "I've walked to school with her three times," he told Elmer, "and I've carried her books. I bought her ice cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?" "Now, don't do it," said Elmer after careful thought. "You've done enough for that dame already!" — *Sent by LOIS ANNA HOLLEY, Washington, D. C.*

### Curious Remark



SHE: Why aren't you singing in church now? HE: I missed one Sunday and someone asked me if they had fixed the organ. — *Sent by MARY ARDEN TUCKER, Warenton, North Carolina.*

### The Height of Consideration

VISITOR: How about it, Billy—what are you going to be when you grow up? BILLY: Well, after I've been a lawyer a while to please Daddy, and President a while to please Mama, I'm going to be an aviator to please myself. — *Sent by VERONICA HART, Brooks, Minnesota.*

HERE'S YOUR  
THIRST QUENCHER,  
GIRLS!



DRINK  
**RICHARDSON**  
ROOT BEER  
"it's so flavorful"

### SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS

With name imprinted—5 for \$1.00, 12 Beautiful Box Assortments of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings and Cards for All Occasions, Personalized Stationery. No experience is needed. Write today for samples and complete selling plan. **CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, DEPT. 698**  
117 WEST PEARL ST., CINCINNATI 11, OHIO

### NAME

—100 for 60c

Washable Name Labels, with your name printed on washproof tape in black ink, for camp, school and travel.

### TAPES

ACME TIP PRINT CO.  
791-8th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.



EVERY WELL  
DRESSED BIKE  
IS WEARING

THE

**BIKE-OMETER**  
AIR SPEED INDICATOR



It's new! It's the rage among bike owners. A real, sturdily-built, all-metal speedometer. You check your bike speed as the air pilot does his. Guaranteed five years. Your money back—at once—if you, Mother and Dad are not entirely satisfied.

ORDER ONE — \$1.00 — EARN ONE

Send \$1 and coupon below, for handsome BIKE-OMETER, and details of how to earn it FREE—and get your dollar back.

SPARGO PRODUCTS CO. 161 Prescott St., Boston 28, Mass.  
\$1 enclosed. Send me BIKE-OMETER and story of "Dollar-Back" Plan.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....



## "STAMP FINDER"!

**FREE!—VALUABLE STAMP FINDER!** Send today for big new edition, fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and the countries they come from. Also fine packet of fascinating stamps from Egypt, Newfoundland, Palestine, Cyprus, etc., including maps, animals, strange scenes, etc. All FREE to applicants enclosing 3c postage. Illustrated bargain list included.

GARCELON STAMP COMPANY, Box 907, CALAIS, MAINE

## WOW! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN FOR ONLY 10c!

500 Foreign Stamps, assorted, and unlicked just as received from church missions, other sources, Africa, So. America, Australia, China, Philippines, Dutch Indies, and other countries. Includes few commemoratives, animals, and stamps cataloging up to 25¢ or more each! Biggest Value in Stampdom—and you might find something really valuable! Price only 10c to serious approval applicants! Money back if not delighted.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 90, Jamestown, New York

### Desirable New Falkland Island Dependency

Stamp, MacArthur stamp from Australia, Abyssinian Wild Elephant issue, plus host of others from New Caledonia, Indo-China, Russia, Cuba, Wallis & Futuna, Dutch Indies, China, Philippines, etc., only 5c to approval applicants. Big Dime Packet List free!

METHUEN STAMP SERVICE, INC.

Dept. 70 Lawrence, Mass.

**54** DIFF. mint World's Fair poster stamps plus scarce Cayman, Turks and Leeward Is. only 3c to appr. service applicants. Illustrated stamp album, 4000 sources. **3c**

**TATHAM STAMP CO. 67 SPRINGFIELD MASS**

**FREE!** Foreign Coins, Banknote and Large Illustrated coin list FREE to approval service applicants for 3c postage. **3c**

**FREE!** 4 Indian Head cents, 10c; Wooden nickel, 10c; Chinese Dollar, 5c.

**TATHAM COIN CO. 43 SPRINGFIELD MASS**

### VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika-British Cayman Islands-Antal - Scarce Baby-head - Camellia - East Africa - Airmail - Map Stamps—with Big Catalogue—all free—send 5c for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY

Dept. AG Toronto Canada

**SPECIAL OFFER**

To approval applicants—album with hundreds of illustrations and articles on stamp collecting; packet of stamps from 35 countries; perforation gauge. All sent for the low cover mailing.

**MAJESTIC STAMP COMPANY**

701 Insurance Bldg., Fort Worth 2, Texas

**31 DIFF. Washington Stamps, Etc.**

This Brazil Washington stamp also shows 6 color Ecuador showing American Flag and Washington in BIG LOT of ALL DIFF. with medical set to combat T. B. and Malaria: Victory issue, Pirate Isle, Clear Stamp, others. All only 4c with approvals.

**Grayson Stamp Co., P.O. Box 559, Sherman, Texas**

**29 DIFF. Guatemala TRIANGLE. "Bull-Fight" stamp, Balkan Aviator, RAF stamp, others—GIVEN with approvals for 4c postage.**

**BECKER, 378 Read, Tuckahoe 7, N. Y.**

**FREE** Liberia Zoo Triangle, Earthquake Airmail, Tunisia, Victoria, Thailand, Africa, etc. FREE with approvals for 3c postage. **RENFRO, Box 441, Redondo Beach, Calif.**

**ANT-EATER**

Five of these beautiful stamps FREE with request for my one and two cent stamp. Thousands of fine stamps among them. **H. E. Codwise, Box 5, Melrose Highlands, Mass.**

**What have you to offer?**

A Collection! A "Shoe Box" accumulation! Anything in stamps We urgently need them. Spot cash paid. **Cosmopolitan Stamp Co., 1457 Broadway, (Times Square), New York**

**FREE** Tannou Touva "Teddy Bear" Triangle, Tanganyika, Reunion, Uganda, S. Seas, "Stork" stamp, Africa, etc.—all FREE with approvals for 3c postage.

**DOMINION STAMPS, Box 30-G, Arlington, Va.**

**FREE** Liberia Airmail Triangle, Morocco, Giffard, Mozambique, Manchukuo, Caribbean, Siberia, etc. all FREE with approvals for 3c postage.

**TRIANGLES** Giant Siberia & Midget Bolivia Triangles, Arabia, Thailand, Canniballand, etc. FREE with approvals for 3c postage. **SEMINOLE STAMPS, Glen Burnie-A, Md.**

**FRESHLY MOUNTED** approvals for collectors, using Scott's International Junior Album. **Phoenix Stamp, Dept. A, 120 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.**

**FREE!!!** Western Hemisphere Packet. Postage 3c. **OWENS, 802 Welsh Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

**FREE!!!** British Empire Packet. Postage 3c. **WILLIAMS, 602 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

**FREE!!!** Pony Express Set (facsimiles). Postage 3c. **Roberts, 402 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

### WHEN ORDERING STAMPS

from our advertisers, be sure to write your name and address clearly, and to give your FULL NAME and COMPLETE ADDRESS. The stamp dealer will do his best to fill your order carefully and promptly. You can avoid delays by making sure that your name and address are given in your order.

## FOR LAND'S SAKE

"We'll try to be reasonable." I started out the door.

"Hold on," said Father. "I bought the cottage. I got the deed to it yesterday. You and Harry might want to spend a month or so down there. It's a likely spot—sun and sea air will do him good. And you look like a vacation wouldn't do you any harm, either."

I ran back and hugged Father. "That will be the loveliest thing in the world!" I said.

"Think how Harry will love it after all he has been through. I can't wait to tell him!"

"I'll write the man tomorrow, then," said Father, "and tell him not to rent it yet."

MOTHER and I went shopping next day.

It was entirely different from all previous shopping trips. I mean there was no comparison. Brides are privileged people. Mother didn't point out that we couldn't afford this or that, or that we must choose practical colors—she just let me choose. I selected the things I wanted to wear to meet Harry, an adorable red coat with a tuxedo collar of sheared beaver, a gray-blue wool dress and a hat of the same shade. Then I got new suede shoes and a bag to match.

The time went faster than I thought it would, but when I waked Sunday morning it was raining. My first thought was that the plane would not get in on time, if at all. I tore downstairs to see what Father thought of the weather.

"It looks damp," he said, his eyes twinkling at me over the top of his morning paper. I must have looked sick because Father said, "Bear up! It may clear off about noon. But the paper says colder and possibly snow."

I went to church with Mother, but I didn't hear the sermon. I could only listen to the rain beating down on the roof. When we came out it seemed to be slackening, and by the time we got home it was hardly raining at all. We had company for dinner, the visiting preacher and his wife, and I tried to listen politely to what they said, but it was a strain on me. I was awfully glad when dinner was over and I could give my undivided attention to getting ready to meet Harry. Pat came in to watch me. She helped me get a fresh coat of polish on my nails, exactly the shade of my coat, and she admired each garment as I put it on.

When at last I was ready to start she stood back to look me over. "You look super, simply super," she told me. "I'm glad Harry didn't see you on those overalls."

Father insisted that I get an early start; the roads were slick and I should drive slowly. For once I willingly agreed. On the way, I stopped by to see Harry's father and I asked him to go with me.

He smiled and said, "I have some papers to look over, but I'll be right here when you and Harry get back. Somewhere I've heard that three is a crowd." He tweaked my hair just as Harry has always done.

Any ordinary trip to an airport is exciting enough, but that evening when I saw the lights of the field, I simply couldn't go slow. I mean I had to hurry. The guard at the entrance stopped me and after I got past him I had a hard time finding a parking place. But at last I walked into the brightly lighted waiting room. It was filled with people,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

most of them waiting for someone. I was sorry for them because I felt no one they were waiting for could be half as much fun to be meeting as Harry.

A girl in uniform went to the board and erased something and set down some figures. The man next me muttered to his wife, "The Mercury is an hour late, blame it!"

I gave a big sigh and went to the pay station to call Mother and tell her Harry's plane was late, and to call his father. An hour is ordinarily sixty minutes long; I suppose that one was the customary length, but it seemed more like three hours to me. At long last, a voice on the loud-speaker announced that the Mercury was coming in. People began moving around, seeing about their luggage, talking nervously to one another. I sat still a few minutes—I mean I was too weak with excitement to stand—but pretty soon I steadied down and went outside to watch the big ship land.

The landing lights were on, and pretty soon we could hear the hum of the motors and see the ship circling the field, getting ready to land. It came to earth smoothly and the steps were placed and the door opened. The passengers began to alight—a fat woman with a Pekingese in her arms, a woman in mourning with a small boy, a young woman who was either Paulette Goddard or her twin, and behind her an old man. For a second I thought no one else was coming out and my heart sank into my new suede shoes. Then a trained nurse came out, helping a lame man, and behind her, tall and brown and mighty handsome, I saw Harry.

He saw me, too, and he covered the space between us in long running strides. The next I knew he had picked me up in his arms and my new hat had fallen off backward and I was sobbing against his service stripes. "Harry, Harry, it's too good to be true!"

We got into the car and Harry drove. Snow began to fall idly, big, fluffy flakes that melted as they fell. They made the ride home more like a fairy tale than ever. We talked about everything, but mainly about ourselves. Harry said could we be married right away, and I said I had no objection. I told him about the cottage in Florida and then I said, with misgivings, "I want a church wedding, Harry. Do you mind?"

"Well, I mind some," he confessed. "But I'll go through it, if that's what it takes to make you Mrs. Lee." He tweaked my ear.

"That's what it takes, Lieutenant," I said. We drove along, with the snowflakes whirling around us. It was enchanting. I mean there are just a few hours in anybody's life as wonderful as that one, I guess.

"Do you know what I'd like us to do, when I've made enough money selling automobiles?" Harry asked.

"No, what?" I replied.

"Buy a farm and take life easy," he said.

I laughed out loud. I mean I laughed for a mile at least.

"What is it?" demanded Harry. "What are you laughing at?"

"At what you said," I told him. "We'll buy a farm if you like, and retire to it when the time comes—but don't ever think that, for a day or an hour, we'll be able to take life easy on a farm!"

I was  
they  
h fun

d and  
gures,  
"The

ny sta-  
plane  
our is  
e that  
eemed  
last, a  
that  
began  
ggage,  
still a  
with  
eaded  
e big

pretty  
motors  
etting  
ly and  
pened,  
voman  
man in  
voman  
twin,  
ond I  
nd my  
Then  
lame  
n and

space  
e next  
is and  
and I  
"Har-

drove.  
es that  
e ride  
We  
about  
married  
ion, I  
a and  
ant a

"But  
kes to  
y ear.  
I said.  
rflakes  
ng, I  
body's

to do,  
auto-

e said.  
ed for

"What

"We'll  
when  
that.  
o take